

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Jubal; a Dramatic Poem. By R. M. BEVERLEY, Esq. Post 8vo. pp. 244. Hatchard and Son.

THE writer who, by the force of his imagination and his close observance of the scenes of life passing before him, can picture nature, with skill so expressive and palpable as to impress on the most uncultivated mind the truth and beauties of that which he describes, is indeed a clever man; but when he takes a wider range, and, bounding from the subject of mortal existence, rushes into preternatural regions, holding converse with shades dark, terrible, and yet mentally sublime, and giving the language of immortals, his language ought to be fit for immortality—and such is Mr. Beverley's. *Jubal* is an extraordinary poem: though not entirely faultless, it possesses satire of the first and most biting order; reasoning deep, yet clear; and a fineness and strength of description, which we will boldly state has never been surpassed; much sensation, we doubt not, will be created in the literary world by its appearance. Its political tendency will be praised by some, and censured by others; its religious tenets will likewise undergo a strict scrutiny; and as they agree with, or dissent from the principles of the reviewer, will, in proportion, receive commendation or blame: but all, however prejudiced in these points, must allow the surpassing genius the poem exhibits, and the wonderful powers of mind possessed by its author. To say that *Jubal* has afforded us considerable pleasure, were indeed to speak coldly. We have perused it in mood untinged with partiality and unalloyed with party-spirit, and our praise, in consequence, is founded on a knowledge of mental excellence, and is a pure tribute to the talents of a gentleman of whose name we have no previous knowledge. We transcribe the characters of the poem:—

FORCE,	NEANTHES,
LUCIFER,	IANA,
RAPHAEL,	OLD SHEPHERD,
SPIRITS,	CHORUS OF SWISS
WIZARDS.	PEASANTS,
JUBAL,	PRIEST.

The note we likewise give:—

'This poem has, in several passages, imitated or taken sentiments and expressions from the Bible, Eschylus, Milton, Goëthe, and various other sources, which the reader will recognise without the aid of an appendix.' (To the list of these authorities might be added Shakspeare and Chatterton.) Such an announcement as this, seems, in some degree, to impair the originality of this production, but a second perusal, only confirms

former praise, and renders the merit of the unimitated passages yet more apparent and beautiful. In fact, this subject could not but verge on that which has been expressed before, and strength of expression in strong minds (having nearly the same theme,) frequently is similar, and yet not plagiarism.

The first scene opens in Switzerland, on the top of the Grimsel, by the Doden See. Force *solus*. The personification of Force is grandly conceived, the attributes of power finely developed, and, in fact, the whole soliloquy is full of strange but beautiful thought: ex. gr.

'My name is Force, and in the exalted sun
My mansion is, where in the central realms
I give my orders to the vassal globes
To wheel their course aright.'

Speaking of the deluge:—

'I did the deed; God gave me his commands
To work destruction; wheresoe'er I moved
Unceasing thunders clanged their iron bolts,
And gloom and horror clapped their raven wings
And screamed death's pæan in my path of woe.
Great was my triumph—dominations, thrones,
Gigantic dynasties, victorious crowns,
Tyrants, and raving potentates, I pressed
Beneath the load of waters—In the realms
Of towering cities, and enormous fanes
By giants reared, the dolphin and the whale
Sported and led their tribes obscene: and where
In spacious halls that nations could contain,
Senates had sat, the monster cracken whelped,
And spread his thousand arms of flesh and slime.'

We give part of the dialogue of the wizards, who are summoned to aid their monarch Force:—

'First Wizard (rising out of the Lake of the Dead.)

Learned wizard, whence comest thou?

Second Wizard. From the wreaths of upper
From the arrowy sleet of frost [snow,

Where I have been thunder tost,
All amongst the hail storms driven
From the belching guns of heaven—
Battling clouds, and uproar dire,
Heat with cold, and rain with fire,
Clattering ice, and tumbling snow,
Have I passed to talk with you.

Third Wizard (on the back of a skeleton mammoth)

And I too have come on my skeleton steed,
With the sting of a scorpion I flogged him to
speed, [horse,
And though he's a mammoth I've made him my
To join the fell crew of the servants of Force.

Fourth Wizard. Hecla's stinking sulphur mud
Held me in its lava flood,
Years two hundred have I been
Blasted with miasmas keen,
And with simmering softened limb
In the hell-broth did I swim,
Rolling in that cup of woe,
Rising high and sinking low,
Till a grand eruption came,
And in volleying storms of flame

Shot me to the upper sky—
With a north wind did I fly,
Ninety days I passed above,
Far in circles we did move;
But the danger now is past,
And you see me safe at last.

Fifth Wizard. Ye filthy wizards, mine's a sorer
For I have lain [case,

In the abominable main
Nearly three thousand wretched years—
Down, down below

Where waves nor toss nor tempests blow,
But all sleeps silent from the weight above.
There is no particle of my green skin
That has not pungent salt within.
The pressure of the intolerable sea
Has searched my very bones and blood.

I am all salt,
Like the base partner of Mamrean Lot,
Who in God's spite presumed to halt,
And thus her pristine mind and form forgot.

I was once a Bactrian seer,
In the rocky caves profound,
Muttering impious spells of fear,
Many a fathom under ground;
And by mixing royal blood
With the Zariasian flood,
I had nearly found a charm
Potent against death and harm,
Till I went in evil hour
To steal the Lord's unsullied power,
And to spell that holy name
Guarded by seraphic flame,
In the mercy-seat of gold
Made by Solomon of old.

But that great monarch read my inmost mind,
He seized me from the thickest of the crowd,
And sealed a spell which must for ever bind—
Down I fell deep,

To wail and to weep [shroud.
With the dolphin as mourner, the wave as my
The first thousand years I swore to do harm,
The next to do good if I broke through my
charm,

But the decade of ages that dawned on me last
Found my virtue all gone, and my mercy all past,
And, emerged from the sea, which has held me
so long,

I swear to do mischief, and murder, and wrong.'

The scene then changes to the parts about the Vale of Meyrenghen, where Jubal, Neanthes, and Iana meet: the first is the hero of the poem; the second, Lucifer, who, under an assumed name, had ingratiated himself into Jubal's friendship, for the purpose of tempting him; and the third is the wife of Jubal, who entertains some suspicion of the purity of Neanthes, and has urged her husband in vain, to relinquish his company. On the present occasion, after an ennobling colloquy, Neanthes leaves the pair: Iana, on her knees, endeavours to prevail on Jubal not to meet the fiend again, to which he accedes; the fallen one, however, by dreams, disturbs his repose:—

* Scene—The interior of a Swiss residence, in the dusk of evening.

Jubal and Iana (sleeping on a couch.)
Neanthes (in a low voice.)

Sleep on and take your rest, ye happy pair—
Sleep on, and in each other's arms forget
The enemy of watchful eye, that waits,
In slumbers and in waking, for his prey.
Could ye not watch one hour? ye thoughtless
Jubal, if thou be prudent, straight arise, [soul!
And wake to pray—for even now thy foe,
Erroneous pride, is working in thy heart.
Shame! shame! to think so fair an edifice
Should be betrayed by such a little thing!
A very mouse to sack a city—Oh thou saint,
Be wise, and wake—be wise, and on thy knees
Fight with the foe; if I had such a soul [night,
I would not sleep; but day, and noon, and
I'd walk the ramparts, nor by sloth betray
The precious trust—could'st thou but see the
future,

This whispering converse with thy leaden ear
Would be a trumpet to awake the dead;
This little voice would stun thy shivered brain
Like hell in war with heaven—and thou wouldst
rise

To fly the danger, but thy sluggard strength
Is chained in shackles of forgetfulness—
To struggle vainly when those chains are broke!
How can I help it? thou hast all the world
To teach thee wisdom; to thee time gone by
And blighted hopes have made a piteous moan;
Thou hast seen mourners run along the streets
Carrying the cankered load of friends, them—
Next day by others to be borne along; [selves
And swell the rubbish—thou hast heard the
Toll the perpetual loss of time and life, [bells
And nature and creation screaming loud
To scare thee into sense of danger—yet
Thou sleepest and wilt sleep, till all is lost—
To wake at last with ruin!

Jubal (starting from his sleep.)
Who goes there?—down with him—tread him
under foot—
Cut off his head—I'll have no partner here—
Who dares approach so near?—I am your lord
Of victory—

Neanthes. Poor worm, thou'rt mad,
The very lunacy of pride—Most mighty king,
Dost thou now recognise thy real state?

Jub. Am I not still a king?
Nean. No—thou'rt a fool—
So now awake and talk like other men.

Jub. O good Neanthes, I have had such
Such heated visions— [dreams—
Nean. I can tell them all,
Ay, every word—but now we must away—
Follow me quick.

Jub. I cannot go, my friend.
Nean. But thou must come, my friend; I
know thy wife

Hast made thee promise to abide with her,
But thou must break thy word, and come with
For now this very night I go away, [me;
Nor ever shall return—a few short words
I wish to say in private, half an hour
Would be sufficient—then thou mayst return,
Nor will thy wife perceive thy absence—Come,

Jub. Whither art thou going? what dost thou
I am not yet awake. [mean?—
Nean. Jubal, I cannot stay,
Thy hours are precious—You have heard the
Shall I then say farewell? [truth—
Jub. Heavens! I dream—
Why all this haste?—Oh! for a moment stop—
Stop—stop, Neanthes!

Nean. What is said, is said.
Farewell! and God preserve you. [Departs.

Jub. He is gone,
And gone for ever—I must break my word;
Oh, dear Iana! never till this hour
Did I refuse thy wishes: but my friend,
Dearer than life, demands a parting word,
And I will hear him. [Goes out.

Scene—Neanthes leading Jubal to a ruined
Tower, some distance from his residence.
Jub. This is a strange adventure—Why so
I do not think I yet have lost my dream— [fast?
Stay, stay, you hurry me—I will not go—
We have proceeded far enough—this night
Is full of mysteries—Oh! see the dogs
How they surround us, how they howl and
moan,
And midst them growls their enemy the wolf;
Such union broods no good—methinks the
Burns blue—Oh! stay— [moon
Nean. Here we will take our stand,
Here where this castle's ivy-mantled walls
Enthroned the bigot owls and odious bats;
Where in the sculls of Valour and of Fame
The blind worms batten on heraldic brains.
'Tis meet to talk of parting, but do thou
Attend, nor look so scared.

Jub. I swear by heaven
I am all wonder and attention.
Nean. Jubal!
If one should tell thee all thy inmost thoughts,
And faithfully narrate thy very dreams,
What shouldst thou say?
Jub. That God had given that man
Superior power.
Nean. Behold the man!
Jub. In thee? [tell
Nean. Yes, Jubal; I indeed have power to
All that thou yet hast done or e'er shall do—
Even now I read thy thoughts—Thy coward
Now broods on sad Iana's prophecy, [mind
Who warned thee to avoid this hour;
And now thy fears are wavering in the choice
Of madness or imposture.

Jub. Oh! my soul,
This must be yet a dream. Thou man of power,
I do abjure thee by the living God,
Spare me this hell of doubt, and give me proof
That what thou sayest is true—If thou hast
come
To do me harm, he who protects the weak
Will aid me in the trial—if thy hand
Would take my life—
Nean. I would not touch thy head,
Or raise my hand against thee for the world;
But that thou still mayst learn that man has
power
To draw down wisdom from the skies, attend,
Whilst I will tell thee all that pompous dream
That lately revelled in thy stormy soul.

Neanthes then recounts his dream, and
eventually prevails on him (after swearing
an oath that he shall not meet with bodily
harm,) to mount a milk-white charger, to
view the regions where the future will be
made manifest to him:—
'Nean. Now we go—no thong, no spear
Is wanting here—on, on, my merry boy!
Hurra! young Jubal!
Jub. Oh! my horse is mad!
It flies like lightning—what a dreadful leap!
Over that chasm!—Now the mountain rocks
Ring to their hoofs! it snorts, it foams, it raves!
Its mane streams fire! and from its iron hoofs
Sparks blaze like comets—Now the caverns
gleam
And mouldering fragments as we pass along!
All is in motion—all is out of course—
And still we gallop.
Nean. Now, my fiery guide, appear!

Dancing in the midnight air,
Showing where my course to take
Over bog and over brake—
Ignis fatuus, hie thee hither,
Child of damp and misty weather,
Thou that art from marshes sprung,
Mud and putrid bones among—
Fickle, wavering, brilliant gleam!
Now I see thee—'tis no dream,
Now I see thee—now we go
Over ice and toppling snow;
Safely, safely will we pass
O'er the quaking soft morass,
Heeding not those woods of pine,
Though among them twist and twine
Lanky snakes of deadly eye,
Hissing as we gallop by—
We have still our dancing guide,
We may still then safely ride,
We may bravely gallop fast
Till these envious plagues are past.

Jub. Holla! pull up your horse—I dare not
Stop, stop—Holla! hear me, I say. [go—
Nean. Now we come to where the grot
Look of day-light has forgot,
Many a fathom deep below—
Into caverns black as night,
Where the dripping stalactite
And the branching corals grow—
See! the rocks begin to dance,
See! their awkward forms advance;
See! their gaping heads above,
How they nod, and how they move!

Jub. Fiend, friend; Neanthes, devil; stop
I am surrounded by abominations. [your horse,
Nean. See, my friends are come to meet me,
How they pass around to greet me!
Toads three cubits long are there,
How they straddle, how they stare!
Fat and slimy, broad and green,
Bloated, nasty, and obscene,
Waddling, graceless sons of mud,
Hot in venom, cold in blood.

Jub. Oh! I am lost—the devils have me now;
What squalid beasts—and still we gallop—
Heaven, send thy help— [now
Oh, that these quaking rocks would crush me
The world is mad I think—I'm lost for ever.
Ah monstrous! 'tis a hungry vampyre-bat
Hovering around me; see his wrinkled face,
Like an old sinner's, blasted black from hell!
Vile, withered prodigy! avaunt, I say,
Go to thy native Tartarus—He grins,
He shows his huge white hedge of teeth, and
His wiry wings expansive as I pass [smiles!
Shadow my head, and fan my cheeks—Oh
Heaven!

Is he a man or fiend? thou leathern imp,
Grin not at me who never was thy friend.
It's all in vain—I'll call no more for help,
No one will hear—Oh Jubal, hadst thou staid
With thy poor love, nor broke thy promised
For such a liar!—but its all too late, [word
And thou, like thousand others, shall descend
To feed the undying worm—Oh, Power Su-
preme! [heard,
Grant that my wavering voice may still be
Tell men that Pride destroys them all, that I,
By wicked vanity and fraud deceived
My watchful conscience—
See, see, new sights arise! I cannot pray,
My thoughts are taken from me—now we come
To a vast lake—my steed is plunging in—
All will be over soon—receive my soul,
Death and immortal Vengeance!—but we ride
Safe on the waters; hear ye not the hoofs
Clang on the crystal ripple? it resounds
Like beaten brass or toll of funeral bells;—
Where will this end? My hellish guide I see

Still driving on before me—and close by
The swift-winged vampyre droning out his song
Of execrable burden.

Neon. Ere we pass this magic lake,
Tell me for old friendship's sake,
Faithful Vampyre, do they all
Wait for me in Doden Hall?

Vampyre. They are thronging, they are there
In the hall in full divan!
Dog Anubis takes the chair,
Half a brute and half a man—
Bel and Nebo at his side,
Dagon in his fishy pride;
Ashtaroth the queen so lewd,
Moloch chewing baby blood;
Chemos lord of turpitude,
Belial flushed with purple wine,
Thammuz with his wound divine,
Never healing, never sound;
Whilst they dance and whilst they sing
The granite-vaulted caverns ring;
Oh! 'tis a jovial sight to see
Such exuberant company!
Neon. Rejoice! rejoice!
For on yon bank
The willows dank

Without a breath of air their tall heads move—
There's intellect in all their boughs;
The solemn pines this night approve,
And sing with a mysterious voice—
See ye, see ye, how they glide,
Down the mountain how they slide!
How they jump from rock to rock!—

Hark that shock—
A gnarled oak hath slipped his roots,
And down the steep in hurry shoots
To reach the nightly carnival.
All their roots are drunken—all
Twist and twine like wounded snakes;
From the sickly fens and brakes
Fiery vapours join the throng!
Look! the frenzied woods are dancing
Like breeze-stung horse in dog-day prancing,
Now high, now low,

The apostates go,
And joyed to break their tedious thrall
They toss their old heads to and fro,
And wave their creaking branches tall.
Who that stood so fixed and quiet
Whilst three dull centuries slow passed by
Would not enjoy one night of riot,
Would not thus reel with liberty?
Now the wakened caverns yawn,

Opening wide
Their monstrous mouths, where skulls reside
Of ancient honourable men,
Deep inhumed one luckless morn
That rose with Noah's tragic tide—
Again! again!

Life has warmed their giant bones;
I see them rise,
Their marble eyes
Are feeble yet with curst of stones;—
Rouse ye, rouse ye from your sleep,
Perhaps the rocks too soon may close;

The time is short—
To miss such sport,
Such revelry and fun to lose,
Buried in your coffins deep,
Ill becomes such lords as you.
If fame ever tells us true,
Ye were pleasure-hunting souls;
Rouse then from your hiding-places,
Rouse and join this busy crew.

Behold!
All monsters rise
That days before the flood ere saw;
The unwieldy mammoth moves his uncouth
And vast expanse of moving jaw; [size

His scales of gold
The snake of Eden rolls along,
With winning look and brilliant eyes
That tempted Eve to lose her native skies.
Behemoth, with limbs so strong,
Blows from his nostrills rage and death.
I come, I come; my courser's breath
Is almost gone,
Ye brave ones I am not alone,
For one behind,
Like rushing wind,
Approaches here to view our state,
To read our secrets dark, and swell the grand
debate.

These effusions are worthy of being termed
lyrical, they possess the majesty of Byron,
and the wildness and originality of Shelley.

After beholding various magnificent scenes,
they approach the confines of Pandemonium:—

Jub. Hark! I hear a voice.
Neon. Do not be alarmed,
It is the Spirit of the fire who thus
Gives out his solemn oracle—Attend.

The Voice. Earth is my portion,
Sea is my cup,
When the Lord gives the word
I shall swallow them up;
My rival the water
Has had his short day,
But mine will be coming
To sweep them away.
At present they make me
A vassal and slave,
But at last they shall find me
Much worse than the wave.
Volcanoes are roaring
To give them a sign,
And make them remember
This fury of mine;
Gomorrah and Sodom,
That smoke on the plain,
May show what I'll do
When I'm let loose again.
The skies shall dissolve,
And the elements melt,
And my reign throughout space
Shall be horribly felt;
And when all things are lost,
And shall rise again never,
I shall still burn in hell
For ever and ever.

Jub. These are most dreadful secrets.
Neon. Come along!
Do not be musing there—what are thy thoughts?

Jub. I'm thinking of the final reign of fire,
And how those souls that have denied the Lord
Of light will suffer endless burnings; perhaps—

Neon. Break off these rhapsodies, and turn
your eyes
To those fair realms and mellow fields of gold,
Where Mammon reigns; these are his paths
that lead

To mortal secrets, man is only known
By gold; gold opens secrets of the heart
Better than wine, for Bromius ruins scores,
But great King Mammon his ten thousands
slays.

The annexed discourse abounds in exquisite satire:—

Jubal to an Apparition.
Why pumpest thou, O wizard carl? thy thews
For nothing should not labour so.

Apparition. I pump
For blood.

Jub. For blood! whence comes it?

App. Mother Earth,
Who nurseth men, is for her liberal care

Repaid by blood, which through her rocky
Oozes down hither. [chinks

Jub. Bah! I would not work
At such a task.

App. But it is my office,
And giveth honour. Only think a little
What heroes and what demi-gods have fallen
To feed this pump! what prayers have bishops
said [river!
To bless the swords that pricked this bloody
How the cathedrals with "Te Deums" sounded
When thirty thousand Christian soldiers
Fell like thick locusts on the fields!

Jub. I grant
That kings and emperors feed this sewer, but I
Think it worse for that.

App. Out dog! who art thou
To ridicule the work of Earth's grandees?
Hast thou not seen the pomp and ornament,
The bright caparisons, the sounding bits,
The jangling swords, the epaulets and feathers,
The button-studded coats, the silver lace,
The golden tags, the twisted balls of wool
With which the guardians of the throne and
altar [bravery

Are plastered well? and having seen such
Canst thou condemn these blood-letters?

Jub. Yes,
I can and do despise them, though they bear
Titles that strain the memory's loaded ear.
In ancient days vile thieves on crosses hung,
Now crosses hang on thieves. O stars, O garters,
O thistles, shamrock, ribbons, fleur-de-lis,
Crosses and crescents, and ye other trumpery,
Baked at court ovens like gilt gingerbread
To cram grown babies; what a world is this,
What a great doll-house, in whose wide expanse
Ye are the mark of merit!

App. Get along;
You grow satirical, and should remember
That a police with all its host of spies
Is even in hell: informers flourish here;
"Lese-Majesty" is all the fashion; even he
Of Capreae, the Rhodian exile, might
Rejoice to see our grand establishment.

Jub. What deafening noise is that like
Talking through trumpets? [thunder-clouds

Neon. The great voice of Force,
Whom man's apostacy has made supreme.
He tossed the rebel angels down from Heaven,
By God's command, into the drear abyss,
With shame and ruin in their rear; the bolts
Of fire divine consuming all their force,
And smouldering to hell's gates—I heard the
crash

Of routed myriads, dashed against the peaks
Of adamantine rocks, and sounding steel
That echoed to their armour; Tyrant Force
Heaped on their blasted pride enormous loads
Of mountains, there to seal them in their dens.
Force waked the Flood, and called him from the
caves

Of Ocean to blot out the world—he too rides
In northern storms, and howls along the sea
The sailor's funeral, vexing with his voice
The creaking navy.

Force binds the world at either pole with chains
Of dismal ice, and when the winds are mad
In arctic regions, you may see him drive
Huge crystal mountains to a noisy war
Tremendous, shivering in the assault
And crumbling into dust by furious blows;
Whilst whales and frightened monsters of the
deep

Flee from the tumult to their deepest caves.

Jub. See, see! what ugly beasts are crowding
here!

How can my eye take in such troops of brutes;

All monstrous things, all shapes abominable?"

'A Dog dressed in royal robes.

And why despise us, for the Ethiop race
That worshipped dogs grew tired of other lords
And placed me on the throne—in me you see
Their royalty and awful godhead joined.
The dynasty of puppies long had sway
After my death, and whilst I reigned, the land
Was faithful to my sceptre; at my court
Were sleeked-faced prelates and philosophers,
Framers of law most grave and venerable,
Men of deep learning, courtiers smooth and sly,
Place-men and pensioners, or noble lords
Plotting and counter-plotting, telling lies,
Fawning and wheedling, worming into power,
And vexing my dog-heart with royal cares.

Jub. What were the acts that marked your
highness' reign?

Dog. Oh, my prime minister would go to war
Because the Egyptians had dethroned their king!
He said, 'twas shocking that a royal head
Should be deposed, it was a dangerous precedent

And might affect my godship; so we fought
Pell-mell; ten thousand pounds of virgin gold
Were spent in preparation, and we killed
Half the Egyptian nation; burned their towns,
Ravished some myriad maids, dashed out the
brains

Of new-born babes, and so restored the king.

Jub. Your highness was a mighty warrior.

Dog. True,
The world resounded with my victories,
But in the height of triumph and of power
The fell distemper killed me.....

Jub. Damage dire!
Loss past all utterance!

Dog. My good subjects mourned
For thirty days, sitting in dust and ashes.
A thousand babies by their parent's hands
Were strangled to appease my ghost, and I
Was pickled in Arabia's perfumed drugs,
Myrrh and frankincense, and my holy corpse
Enshrined in gold was hid from mortal eyes,
Or only shown when some most pious fool
Had vowed his life to pacify my shade.

But we must unwillingly conclude. We have already quoted sufficiently to show the flowing and varied style of Mr. Beverley, although we have not extracted his most forcible passages. The denunciations against pride are enthusiastically severe; Iana's tenderness of affection is sweet and natural, and the devotional portions of this poem are excellent and sublime. Our author's contempt of earthly grandeur, we deem, will not be patronised by the ruling authorities of this or of any other nation: and of his satire on ecclesiastics, (if there be, among the heads of the church, individuals whom its lash may punish,) it is consolatory and refreshing to think that the legitimate powers of the press (in this and similar instances,) can reach, and, perhaps, correct hearts inaccessible by any other means. To conclude, Jubal, on his return from Pandemonium, is overcome with remorse and despair. Iana dies of the fatigue and bruises she had received in seeking her husband; a funeral scene ensues, which is highly wrought, after which, Jubal is tempted, by Lucifer, in another form, (that of an old shepherd,) but he triumphs over his infernal adversary, holds converse with a voice from heaven, and, eventually, is left to make atonement for his errors by deep and sincere repentance.

American Sketches. By a Native of the United States. 12mo. pp. 412. London, 1827. J. Miller.

TRULY this brother Jonathan can discourse, and that right pleasantly: he is a shrewd, intelligent, and agreeable companion, one who likes common sense, and shows a pretty considerable portion of it,—who thinks without prejudice, and is willing to believe his eyes and ears, without hoodwinking the one or shutting up the other; in fact, our North American is just such a good fellow as we would rejoice to meet in a voyage across the Atlantic, did our avocations compel us to leave our snug retreat and the pleasures of our literary labour. Our author, unlike many of his countrymen, can behold a fault in an American: he is not one of those who considers all virtue centred in a Yankee, and all evil in a Briton; we shall not, however, enter into a disquisition on the relative merits of each, but cull an interesting scene or two from this piquant and amusing volume. The annexed and rapid sketch of American cities is worthy of perusal:—

'Alas! we have no London in America! No parks, squares, palaces, nor places; no Kensington Gardens, no Tower, no Westminster Abbey, no—yes, we have sundry shot factories! There are covered bridges over the Schuylkill to be sure, but what are they to those of Waterloo and Westminster? And then there is the Thames—"Father Thames," as Gray very piously calls the old river, with its coal boats, its pleasure boats, its lord mayor's barge, its magnificent Greenwich Hospital, Richmond Hill, and Hampton Court! Sad to think! the republican rivers of North America are content with the trees that grow upon their banks, and the birds that make music on their waters.

'The Schuylkill, undoubtedly, can boast of Pratt's Gardens, and those of old Bartram, the traveller, together with the far-famed water-works; but this is all—and even this is deprived of those magical associations that throw an indescribable charm around the humblest object that meets the eye, in wandering over the face of nature, in traversing the cities, and gliding upon the waters of "old Europe's lettered climes." I really do believe that I shall become in the end a convert to Mr. Alison's theory of association; and conclude, with that ingenious and eloquent writer, that there is no beauty in objects independent of the mind's action upon them. Yet, let me do justice to nature; and particularly to nature as displayed in the wilds of the new world. She seems to have taken refuge from the encroachments of civilization in the east, to repose her mighty limbs upon the dizzy steep of the tumbling cataract, or the measureless summits of the Cordilleras in the west. You behold her there in all her moods and forms, from the blessed sunshine sleeping in her valleys, to the loud tempest flushing upon her cliffs—where he will furl his dreadful banners, and then walk muttering like an angry giant over the summits of the far hills. The influence of this nature is seen and felt even in the most crowded cities of the north. There is an air that comes breathing upon you in the

busiest marts, whispering to you in the midst of the human hum, the densest haunts of men, that nature is still around you, her rocks, her caves, her valleys, and her wildernesses, that ever and anon re-echo back the din and tumult of the city.

'In New York, for instance, which is even unconscious of being overlooked by the mighty Highlands, whose awful brows appear to frown upon you from afar? In Boston, there is a perpetual bloom and fragrance hovering around the brilliant skirts of the city. Ascend to the top of the State House, on the hill near the Mall, and what a prospect opens around you! It has been pronounced by travellers one of the finest in the world; and I have sat for hours contemplating from that height a scene which, unlike those of art, never ceases to instil into the mind the spirit of its own hues, the *feeling* that lives and breathes in nature. From that elevation, the eye discovers the cloudy summit of the Blue Hill, (a distant chain of the great Alleghany,) stretching far into the west—whence, I have been told, one of the naval engagements of the war of 1812 was witnessed by a number of persons, who saw the flashing and heard the thunder of the cannon.

'In Philadelphia, you have the solitude of woods on every hand. You see them rising like a natural barrier behind, and stretching along the romantic banks of the Schuylkill, not twenty yards from which is the elevated level of the water-works, whence you look back and down upon the city, with its steps of pure white stone, its airy and elegant streets, laid out in regular squares, (not such squares as you have in London,) and lying like a beautiful gem in the lap of nature. The approach to Baltimore is peculiarly and strikingly picturesque. There is nothing like it in this, and I doubt whether it has a parallel in any other country. The city is suddenly disclosed to the traveller, when he gets within about five miles of it by the recession on either hand of the thickly embowered woods that rise in one uninterrupted cluster in front of it, as if for the purpose of surprising the stranger by abruptly and unexpectedly opening, and revealing to him the city sleeping upon the gentle verge of its beautiful bay. Richmond, in Virginia, commands, from its elevated site, a prospect of a different kind, but not less captivating. In approaching the city, the first object that strikes the traveller is its majestic capitol, towering in the distance. You ascend the summit of this building, and the eye at once rests upon a far extended range of rich plantations, exhibiting their cultured fields of rice, the vetch, and oat, in all the bloom of the abounding harvest.'

Our author, occasionally, is very hard on his brother republicans. That spirit of inquiry, or, as some folks would call it, that art of asking questions, for which our transatlantic friends are somewhat noted, is finely exemplified in the succeeding quotation; in the case of a Carolinian, who had previously exhausted the patience of those with whom he came in contact:—

'He had thus become, in due time, the

torments and the terror of the springs, having exhausted the forbearance of upwards of three hundred persons, literally one by one, when Joseph Bonaparte had the misfortune to drive up to the Pavilion. Bonaparte was an admirable subject—he was the man, perhaps, of all others, best calculated to stimulate the drooping powers, and restore the disappointed expectations of the Carolinian. The countenance of the latter, accordingly brightened up at his approach—his eyes kindled into unusual lustre—his whole frame seemed inly labouring with the unutterable throes of a long suppressed, but now newly expanded feeling of remorseless and most incontinent garrulity!

“It is melancholy to think, that no one should have apprised Bonaparte of the presence of so extraordinary an animal—but people are selfish, and but too apt to pursue their own enjoyments at the expense of those of others. The natural simplicity of Bonaparte’s character afforded ample scope for the indulgence of the inordinate propensity of the Carolinian. He accordingly (after having eyed him very narrowly one day at dinner) prepared his plan of attack, and had the conscience to commence his operations before the unhappy Frenchman (little suspecting who sat opposite to him) had fairly taken the first mouthful of some calf’s-head soup, in the discussion of which he had no doubt promised himself all that enjoyment which fat men alone, perhaps, know how to appreciate.

“The wary Carolinian commenced the assault by slow degrees, and very ingenious method.

“That appears to be very fine soup, sir?”
—“Yes, sir.”

“The polite tone and manner of the reply encouraged him to proceed.

“You must have found it warm travelling, sir?”—“Very, sir.”

“The roads are always heavy at this season?”—“They are particularly so, I think.”

“You have better roads in France, I suppose, sir?”—“They are certainly lighter, sir, than the roads in this country.”

“The Carolinian had now got fairly upon the train, and proceeded accordingly.

“Is it true, sir, that in Paris you have no flag stone side walks, as in London and New York?”—“There are none, sir; and walking in many of the streets of Paris is not only very unpleasant, but sometimes dangerous—for they often throw you in contact with wheels that whirl by you with very little regard either to your person or appearance.”

“Which of the two countries, sir, in your opinion, affords the most agreeable residence, France or America?”

“The question, sir, is not easily answered. Many persons, I believe, are of opinion that the intellectual resources afforded by the former atone for the want of a frame of government like that which you enjoy in America—others think differently.”

“What is your opinion, sir?”—“That, sir, I should think, might be inferred from the selection of my place of residence.”

“This was a polite and ingenious evasion

of a question which the count by no means seemed to relish; and which, under all circumstances, was certainly an infringement upon the rules of good breeding. His opponent, however, was not easily daunted.

“I suppose, sir, it was some time before you could reconcile yourself to the state of things in this country—so different from what you have been accustomed to?”—“I am not a tyrant, sir; and where a man is not, it is a simple effort to reconcile himself to a mere change of forms, since that which lies underneath cannot fail to recommend itself.”

“There was something in this reply that conveyed a hint which nine men out of ten would have taken; but my worthy townsman was not one of these—he was not an ordinary man.

“That pig appears to be very fine, sir—shall I help you to a piece of the griskin?”
—“I thank you, sir, I am helped.”

“This was what some folks would have called a damper—the Carolinian cleared his throat, however, nothing abashed.

“I suppose, sir, the people of the old world smile at the idea of our abolishing titles by law?”—“Sir, they never meddle in matters that do not concern, and cannot interest them.”

“This was worse and worse, and had for a moment the desired effect. The southerner paused, seemed a little perplexed, when a thought suddenly occurred to him. He cleared his throat, adjusted his cravat, and, looking Bonaparte full in the face, “The pleasure of a glass of wine with you, sir?”

“The persecuted man touched his glass, slightly inclined his head with one of those expressive smiles a well-bred man only can put on, but did not drink his wine. This circumstance was remarked by every one present except the person for whom its significance was designed; the exquisite refinement of a single physical power seems to have left no perceptions whatever to any of the rest. This, we know, is often the case with those of the mind; and as the modifications of which matter is susceptible, are not only more easily effected, but less variable than those of the mind, it is not, perhaps, very surprising that the organ of speech in the person of this singular being, should, from undue cultivation, from having been so elaborated, have left the others in a great degree impaired; its perfection was more than relative, it was absolute—founded in the entire prostration of the rest.

“By this time the cloth had been removed, and the wine began to circulate more freely—while, in proportion to the inspiration which it carried to the brain, the faculties of the Carolinian appeared to acquire a higher relish for conversation. The count was still the fated object of his most intense curiosity—which, to borrow the idea of Lord Byron, appeared to tire only of rest. A moment’s intermission seemed to leave a void in his existence—and, in proof of this, it was often remarked, that, upon retiring to his chamber, (which he never did until he found the hall entirely deserted,) he used to hold a series of

dialogues with himself upon the occurrences of the day—and would in this way literally talk himself to sleep. Bonaparte’s good humour and politeness had been put to a very severe test, which they had as yet most admirably withstood—bating, perhaps, the last reply made to my inquisitive countryman—which, however, was less pointed in manner than in words. What might be the result of any further experiments upon these amiable qualities, no one could venture exactly to predict—the man of words, however, soon decided this

“Is it true, sir, that, in the retreat from Moscow, the French were reduced to the horrid alternative of devouring each other?”

“Such, I believe, was the fact, sir.”

“The accounts of the battle of Vittoria state, that you lost in that engagement one hundred and fifty field pieces, and upwards of five hundred waggons of ammunition—can that be true, sir?”

“It cannot now tax my memory, sir, upon that point; but if accounts state such to have been the case, I am neither prepared nor disposed to controvert them.”

“It has been said, that had Napoleon escaped from St. Helena, he designed coming over to America—I do not think the government would have protected him.”

“Possibly not, sir.”

“Have you any idea of returning to France, sir?”—“None, sir.”

“You must feel very sensibly your separation from the countess, sir?”

“Bonaparte got up and left the table.

“This last question was so outrageously indecent, that the few persons who had remained over their wine, rose and retired—less, perhaps, as a mark of respect for the individual whose feelings had been thus trespassed upon, as of sovereign contempt for the luckless wight who had so unwittingly committed himself.”

We know not of any recent publication better calculated to engage pleasingly the mind, than these American Sketches. They are light, yet pithy; agreeable without formality; and are written in a style consonant with their subjects.

The Spirit and Constitution of the Church; in their relation to the general Welfare of the State. By the Rev. CHARLES MACKIE, M. A., Rector of Quarley, Hants, and Domestic Chaplain to his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence. 8vo. pp. 337. London, 1827. Murray.

To those who agree with the eloquent Plunkett (and few, we believe, are inclined to contest the proposition,) that a religious establishment is not only desirable, but absolutely necessary; that were there not a respectable hierarchy, holding a high rank in the state, religion would, in times like these, sink into disrepute, and that it is a powerful engine connected with the state, and if not so connected, capable of being wielded against the state; to those, we say, who agree with this opinion, this work of the Rev. Charles Mackie, distinguished as it is by ability and moderation in argument, and by freedom and elegance in style, will be an ac-

ceptable offering. To others, who, without dissenting from the *spirit* of the observation just quoted, acknowledge their inability to recognise in the present Protestant establishment the required respectability, and among whom is an eloquent writer, who has thus expressed himself:—‘A KINGDOM, if well governed, is an apt emblem of unity. Its prosperity consists in the union of its parts, the harmony of its institutions, the universality of its laws.—Such is the kingdom to which the church of God is compared! The church, as it now exists, is a barbarous and feudal institution; a Saxon heptarchy; a kingdom divided against itself. THE HUMAN BODY, so fearfully and wonderfully made! its motions so entirely directed by the will; its members so admirably adapted to each other: the injury of its parts so equally sustained by the whole; is a fit emblem of the church of God. The church, as it now exists, is a lifeless corpse; a mutilated and disjointed body; the head, the trunk, the limbs, occupying different parts of the laboratory. A TEMPLE, fitly framed and joined together; the order of its architecture preserved; the strength of the whole maintained by the just bearings and proportions of all the parts; its various materials properly cemented and secured; is a correct image of the church of God. The church, as it now exists, is a heap of rubbish; a ruin, produced by an earthquake; here a pillar, and there a plinth; here the basement, and there the cupola!’ To conscientious persons who entertain this belief,—‘to all who,’ in the words of the author of the volume we are about to notice, ‘thus look with dutiful attachment to the church, even while they are without a just appreciation of her merits, nothing can be unacceptable which goes to prove, that there is not a charge that has been brought against her for which they are required to look for palliation. To such it must give pleasure to perceive, that on a close examination, that is seen to be a beauty, which, imperfectly considered, had appeared to be a blemish. To those who are thus situated, it must be satisfactory to know, that what has been called her weakness, is in truth her strength; that she is entitled even to demand their admiration, in the points where they had feared that an apology might be due.’

This volume is divided into twenty-four chapters, in which the author, among other matters of equal interest and importance, treats of Christianity as connected with the gradations and distinctions of society; of the causes which combined to give Christianity the appearance of seeking to reduce her followers to an equality as to the circumstances of external fortune; of the light in which the Christian dispensation regards the enjoyments of the present life, (an admirable and comprehensive chapter;) of the spirit and constitution of the church of England, considered in their absolute superiority to those of others; of the possibility of supporting the general influence of the church by means different from those which have hitherto been employed, more especially as connected with the nature of her endowment, &c. Many of these subjects are, of course, provocative

of controversial feeling; but they are all introduced with considerable skill, delicacy, and power, and exhibit the author as an advocate no less tolerant than firm, no less conscientious than consistent, in his support of what he considers a just and sacred cause.

As an example of the author's style, we quote a portion of his chapter, entitled *The Dangers attendant on the Growth of Superstition*, as they demonstrate our Dependence on the Spirit of Religion as it emanates from the Church:—

‘In illustration of the dangers to be incurred by the more extended diffusion of those erroneous views of Christian obligation, which so many have evinced a tendency to adopt, it will be found that almost all the periods which have been most remarkable for laxity of morals, and depravity of conduct, have been as remarkably preceded by periods that have been noted for austerity of manners.

‘It was after men had been looking for perfection in the desert and the cave, when, as the most effectual means by which they could secure the favour of the Almighty, they had been eagerly embracing whatever was most calculated to macerate the body or to mortify the spirit, that the Arabian impostor found them ready for whatever could give latitude to criminal indulgence; that his train was thronged with candidates eager to avail themselves of the boundless license of his unholy faith.

‘Nothing but the reaction produced by the undue repression of those principles and feelings, which in certain directions, and under certain forms, are incapable of being separated from human nature, can account for a success so rapid, and apparently so wonderful as his. Thus alone can we explain, why a superstition so puerile, so ferocious, so immoral in its nature, should have made its way, or found a single votary, where the light of the glorious gospel of Christ had ever been received, to illuminate, and humanize, and purify the mind. It was through the necessary operation of these mistaken views, that so large a portion of the world has ever since been lost entirely to the name of Christianity, because through these it had previously been lost to every thing essentially connected with her nature.

‘But this, although the most extensive, is not the only melancholy instance of the destructive consequences which have ensued from these, to the essential interests of virtue and religion. Engrafted among the errors of the papal superstition, it was these which led to the belief of the moral efficacy of pilgrimages, of vigils, fastings, scourgings, vows of celibacy, and other attributes of monkish virtue. Extending their influence throughout society at large, the same erroneous notions are to be considered not merely as the forerunners, but, in a great measure, as the cause of that unbounded profligacy and dissoluteness of habit, which had overspread the Christian world, previous to its partial emancipation from the thralldom under which it had so long been held. Intimately associated with almost all the grosser portions of the papal superstition, these must be considered as having contributed greatly to the

noxious influence which threatened, but for the striking interposition of Almighty power, to extinguish the light it had so long obscured, and to leave the world in that state of moral and religious darkness from which the Gospel had relieved mankind.

‘The same connexion, as to time, might be traced betwixt the other periods, when this ascetic virtue has been carried to its height, and those in which, as to every thing conformable to the dictates of reason and revelation, morality, and religion, have gone entirely to decay. Such was also, and most signally the case with us, when its influence having paralyzed for a time, and overpowered the church, it generated at last a spirit of corruption, with which, upon the recovery of her strength, she was all but found incompetent to struggle. From every thing, therefore, we have reason to assume that they are intimately connected as effect and cause; that the one is to be considered as the invariable, the necessary consequent of the other.

‘To us it may be approaching in a different form, but still the danger is essentially the same. While the influence of these mistaken views is extending upwards through society, those members of the higher and more affluent of its classes, who are infected by their irrational and gloomy spirit, may, as long as they are few in number, be gratified by the knowledge, that they are looked up to as the heads and leaders of a sect. While pride and vanity are soothed by this, they may find sufficient to compensate for the sacrifice they make, in the rejection of the enjoyments and dereliction of the pursuits, which are incident and appropriate to the station which they hold. But let us imagine that these gloomy and mistaken views should obtain a footing generally in those classes which are the depositaries of influence and wealth, then the distinction ceases, which had previously ministered to vanity and pride. But when this artificial stimulus is withdrawn, not only must those austerities relax with every evil consequence which has elsewhere been experienced, but with consequences still more destructive of the interests of virtue and religion, affording the fainter hope of their ever recovering the position they shall have lost with us, because it must take place where, beyond whatever has been exemplified in other countries, or in other times, there must be a greater accumulation of all the materials and means of vice.’

‘In the grave and solemn, yet rational and cheerful exposition of her doctrines, in the strict and upright, but liberal interpretation which the church has put upon her precepts, there is a justice done to Christianity which tends to secure for her that favourable reception which she seldom fails to meet, when prejudice is averted, and she is seen in her natural shape and in her real colours. Few, comparatively, can be disposed to renounce her authority, or to cavil at her claims, when they see her represented not as capriciously sporting with the feelings of mankind, not as teaching them to dread in every thing by which those feelings are addressed, in every earthly object of desire, a poisoned lure

which tempts them to destruction; but represented, as by the church she is, in that degree which is compatible with a probationary state, as at once the author and the bond of union betwixt human happiness and human virtue, as giving, in the best and purest of the enjoyments of the present, the earnest of the blessedness of the life which is to come.

'It is thus that, in opposition to the danger to be incurred by prejudices, which go to undermine all candour and ingenuousness of spirit, by compelling men to resort to casuistic subterfuges and jesuitical distinctions, that they may reconcile their conscience with what are either innocent, indifferent, or laudable pursuits, the church comes in aid of virtue, by the clear and marked distinctions which she draws. She supports a manly openness and integrity of character, by impressing on the mind, that as to all the enjoyments of the present life, whenever by nature or by circumstance they may partake of vice, it is only trifling with the dignity of Heaven to expect, by outward ceremonies, by rigid doctrines, by enthusiastic feelings, to obviate the guilt and danger of pursuit; that whenever they are not hurtful or immoral, we may not only follow them without remorse, but with feelings of gratitude to the author of all good, who, within those limits, and when we use as not abusing, has given us all things richly to enjoy.

'While the church has thus left open to mankind, the pleasures and pursuits which are, from their nature, unsusceptible of abuse, and those which, being in some measure indifferent, are innocent or laudable, when they are followed only, in a due degree, by extending in every way the sphere of their enjoyments, as far as reason and revelation sanction, she comes in aid of virtue, in opposition to the tendency of an irrational superstition. She diminishes the risk, while she diminishes the temptation of their being led to wander where reason and revelation would interdict their straying. It is thus that she peculiarly meets our exigencies as a people in opposition to the tendency of this rigid spirit, by preventing opulence and leisure from being at last identified with frivolity of manners and with profligacy of morals. It is only, as the church has studiously endeavoured to effect, by keeping wide the channel of legitimate indulgence, by giving men the free enjoyment of innocent, refined, ennobling pleasures, that we can be enabled to carry off, as it were, the exuberance of our wealth; that the current of our prosperity can be hindered from overflowing, in consequences fatal alike to happiness and to virtue, to the temporal and eternal interests of mankind.'

TWO HUNDRED AND NINE DAYS; OR, THE JOURNAL OF A TRAVELLER ON THE CONTINENT.

(Continued from p. 162.)

At Rome, November 19, our traveller states: 'I walked this day nine hours and a half in pursuit of lions; at least I was so long on my feet, without rest or refreshment, and I did not feel much fatigue, which satisfied me that I was not in a very delicate state of health. The exterior aspect of St. Peter's

with its colonnades is striking; a huge crab with vast claws. The façade is full of faults and of beauties; the warm and agreeable temperature, as you enter, is remarkable; and the elaborate and costly beauty of the interior pleases. I wished for it, which is the best proof that I liked it; I wished that it were in London, open at all times, to be visited and admired; a place to walk in, and to talk in; a place for the meeting of friends, and, if love would have it so, of lovers; and that we had no hypocrites, or at least no hypocrites with the power to lock it up; and through the affectation of reverence, and under false pretences, to turn it into a lucrative show and a source of base profit. Foolish people have said innumerable foolish things about this building; one of the most foolish is the assertion, that the being really great but appearing small is a merit, and a proof of the excellence of its proportions; but the end of art and proportion is not to make the great appear small, but, on the contrary, to make the small seem great; it is, therefore, in truth, a vice in the construction. That it is indeed great is to be discovered not by comparing it with man, but it is collected by means of a middle term; the canopy of bronze, which covers the high altar in the likeness of a four-post bed, is a convenient middle term: by comparing a man with the canopy, and the canopy with the building, we are enabled to form some idea of its immense magnitude. The painted cupola and roof, the mosaics, and the inlaid pavement, the gigantic statues of marble, and the marble columns, all harmonize into one beautiful whole, one majestic tomb to cover the body of—

"The pilot of the Galilean lake,"

who, it is said, reposes in a chapel under the cupola, where one hundred and twelve lamps of massive silver are continually burning; and whither persons flock from all parts of the Christian world to offer up their prayers, in the hope of a more favourable hearing near the remains of one, whom many have thought worthy of no common honours, and of such a marvellous sepulchre. I am not quite sure that I am content with the gilding of the roof, or that I would ever admit of gilding; the metallic lustre does not harmonize with any thing else, and it soon tarnishes unequally. The boxes for confession are numerous; they are decidedly an eye-sore, being exactly like cobblers' stalls, in which the cobbler of souls sits with a white wand in his hand, such as is borne in our courts of justice by a bound-bailiff, when exercising the functions of door-keeper. The boxes are inscribed with the names of the different languages of the Christian world; thus far they have a picturesque effect, that around each is frequently assembled a group of a different nation, more or less civilized or uncivilized, according to the part of the universal world from which the stranger of the Catholic religion has travelled. Of the monuments, many are vast and gorgeous; in one, two lions have much merit; another represents the busts of three Stuarts, pretended, or Pretender kings, who are literally and ludicrously placed on the shelf; both these unequal works are equally

from the chisel of Canova. The interior of this vast church is the perfection of loveliness, and surpasses every thing that the imagination can fancy; in an immense building scarcely one spot of pavement, roof, or walls, can be found, which is not as beautiful as art, labour, colours, marble, gems, and cost can make it; I had no notion what a temple made with hands may be.'

'Persons often admire those institutions which they have not, and of which they have no opportunity to see the defects. In England I have heard sensible persons remark, that the guillotine is a more humane punishment than hanging, which is odious and disgusting; here I found that people are in love with hanging; they complained of the effusion of blood, and said that the body jumps about, and is convulsed, after the separation of the head. All unnecessary pain to the unhappy criminal should be avoided; but a punishment, which is meant chiefly as a warning to others, is not the less effectual because it is shocking. Rome was thrown to-day into a bustle, most unusual in such a quiet place, by the execution of two men, for stabbing a person who was a member of some secret society, and whom they suspected of an intention to betray them. They met death with great fortitude; as they were going to the place of execution, the Piazza del Popolo, one of them spoke to a girl, who was his sweetheart, and was sitting at a window; she immediately fainted.

'There was a considerable delay in consequence of their not confessing, which is here considered a necessary prelude to execution. I am told that the trial is always in secret; that even the accused is not present; the public, therefore, can never be satisfied that the sentence is just. If the investigation be perfectly public, and conducted in such a manner, that there can be no reasonable doubt of the guilt of the prisoner; why require a confession, which is generally extorted by unworthy arts? It is not to be expected that a party about to be hanged should be pleased with the prospect before his eyes; the operation is not intended for his gratification, but for the benefit of society; it is not to please, but to displease him, that to a certain degree trouble is taken and expense incurred. Then why do we endure the odious hypocrisy of making him say, I die contented? If that were true, civil society would say to him—Oh, you wish to be hanged, do you?—then we will not hang you, because our object is to punish you! It is only the conviction that this assertion is false, that makes it tolerable. The best reparation that a person in such a situation can make for the crimes he has committed, is not to say, I die contented, but I die exceedingly discontented, and with extreme reluctance; I assure all Christians, that the condemned cell is a dismal habitation, much worse than I had supposed; that a near prospect of the new drop is most uninviting; and even the assurance, that in five minutes after the platform falls I shall certainly be in Heaven, which the ordinary always makes upon his honour as a gentleman, to persons in my situation, is, I find, but poor consolation.

Priests insist much upon confession; because it gives them an opportunity of mixing themselves up with an event that creates a public interest, and of reporting that such things were confessed as suit the ends of their order. In this case, they said that the prisoners had acknowledged, that the first thing they did on entering their secret society, was to sign a declaration of atheism; a lady told me this, her knees trembling and her teeth chattering with horror; but I did not believe it; because, when the sufferers attempted to address the people, the drums beat; the drums were in the pay of the priests; and what could be better for the priest, than that the men should say at the point of death: Romans, it was irreligion that brought us to this; irreligion was our first step, you have come to witness our last: beware, O dear countrymen, of irreligion! Besides, robbers are given to idleness and low dissipation, not to speculations; they are idle vagabonds, not curious inquirers into speculative opinions; they are not prone to Jansenism, Atheism, Catholicism, or Calvinism; but to practical debauchery. Priests are so wonderfully incompetent to see what is expedient for society, even when their intentions are the best, that it would be a good rule in regulating a state, to inquire—What have priests uniformly recommended? this we will shun, because it must be hurtful.—What have they forbidden? this we will adopt, it is doubtless beneficial.

'I entered the pyramid of Caius Cestius by a modern passage; the ancient entrance is narrow, and descends by steps. The sepulchral chamber is painted with some frescos of female figures, which are much defaced. Of the English cemeteries, as they are called, the older contains the tombs of all nations, of many Germans, of a Pole, and there is one epitaph in the Russian language. The more modern cemetery has as yet but few graves: in this, perhaps the most interesting, corner of the most interesting city of the world, it is situated between the pyramid of Caius Cestius and the Monte Testaceo, within two or three yards of the walls of Rome, in the corner of a ruined tower, of which the narrow limits do not admit intruders; upon ground a little elevated above the rest, some cypresses have been planted and are growing straight and well; they will soon serve both to conceal and to point out the "untimely tomb," where a young poet sleeps; who has happily characterized himself:—

"By solemn vision and bright silver dream,
His infancy was nurtured. Every sight
And sound from the vast earth and ambient air,
Sent to his heart its choicest impulses.
The fountains of divine philosophy
Fled not his thirsting lips; and all of great,
Or good, or lovely, which the sacred past
In truth or fable consecrates, he felt
And knew," &c.—*Alastor*.

It is virgin soil; the preceding generations have not been buried there; and in digging graves, they do not find skulls and bones, as in other cemeteries; but ancient vessels, marbles with inscriptions, and fragments of columns and capitals: the whole aspect of the place breathes antiquity, and has a elas-

sic air. No society of the dead can be more select; they consist of persons who were snatched away suddenly by fevers in a foreign land; or who had sought relief in vain in a warmer, but less healthy climate; who loved the arts, and the recollections of former times. Some have been the victims of strange accidents; of the two nearest graves, the occupier of one, a young artist, died suddenly of disease occasioned by his too great zeal in copying and studying, during the heats of summer, certain temples in Sicily; of the other, the youthful tenant had fallen, by his foot slipping into a cascade at Tivoli.'

'At Venice, we were wriggled across the Canal Grande in a gondola, and visited the Belle Arti; this institution, the Royal Academy of Venice, is lodged in the buildings of a suppressed convent; the rooms are not unworthy of Venetian magnificence. The drawings of the present inhabitants of Venice, which are chiefly architectural, were exhibited; they were good and spirited. There is a large assemblage of excellent casts; many young persons were engaged in drawing from the antique. There is a collection, but not a numerous one, of the pictures of the best painters of the Venetian school; we were especially commanded to notice a large painting of the Assumption, which is considered a masterpiece of Titian. I like the dogs that are so freely introduced by the Venetians in their pictures: their colouring is always beautiful, and pleases, because it is natural: they excel in the pomp of architecture; and on ceilings show admirably the perspective of columns seen from below: they represent the backs of figures in the foregrounds; which make an agreeable and natural variety from the sameness occasioned by the theatrical courtesy of always turning the face towards the spectators, or, at the utmost, appearing only in profile. This sameness is a defect frequently to be found in the productions of the modern French school, as well as all the other faults that the imagination of the critic can conceive.

'The barbarous custom of shutting the churches for the remainder of the day at noon, prevented us from seeing any thing more: an Englishman, however, ought to bear this odious practice patiently, through the habit of being entirely excluded from our cathedrals at home; and of submitting quietly to the base and illegal exactions of men, who have an undoubted right to chaunt the services in the churches, and to preserve them from injury; and, if they cannot protect them in any other manner, they are bound to attend in person, but who have no more right to shut out the public, or to demand money for admission, than to pull down the edifices and to sell the materials.

'I found a large, low, ugly church, open in the afternoon, called San Giacomo del Orio, containing some pictures; of which, from the darkness of the place, I could not judge. The day was as cold as ever.

'Saturday, January 21—The weather was still very cold, but not quite so bad as hitherto. The church of St. Jeremiah is spacious and handsome, but incomplete; the bare bricks of the cupola and vaulting may

be seen, and have not a bad effect. There are some pictures: the Presentation of the Virgin is a favourite subject, and an interesting one; as it gives an opportunity of introducing a young and innocent female: a painting on this subject, on the right hand side as you enter, by Bernardino Lucadello, has some pretty faces.

'The façade of the church of the Scalzi, which is of the marble of Carrara, is rich with statues; and when viewed directly in front is handsome; but if you stand a little on one side, the brick body may be seen behind; as is usually the case in Venice; it seems, as if not merely the inhabitants, but their churches also, wear masks. The interior abounds in marbles, pillars, reliefs, and statues: the paintings, whether in fresco, or on canvass, are chiefly by Tiepolo; the prevailing subjects are the raptures and ecstatic devotion of that most ardent of glowing females, St. Theresa. The church of Santa Lucia, besides the design of Palladio, and many of the works of Palma, boasts of two marble statues, one the announcing angel, the other the announced virgin, by the master of Canova; they are not without merit.

'We found, by experience, that a cup of coffee in the middle of the day within, and an Italian cloak without, were excellent defences against the cold.

'In the evening we went to the theatre of S. Benedetto; most of the theatres are called after some saint, in whose parish they happen to be situated; one has even been called audaciously the theatre of St. John Chrysostom. The playhouse of St. Benedict is large and convenient; the seats in the pit have backs, and are separated by divisions, and they are well stuffed; the price of admission is about sixpence. It was thinly attended, especially the boxes; whether because persons of quality did not like the piece, which was a fierce attack upon the system of tolerating *cavalieri serventi*; or, because it was an old play; or, because they were otherwise engaged—I cannot determine.

'Perhaps this system, like most others that have prevailed to any great extent in the world, was the offspring rather of necessity than of choice; the poverty of the country does not permit a man to marry until he is old; when at last he is rich enough to take a wife, his young spouse naturally desires, in aid of her old husband, a companion of her own years, at least to chat with; for between persons of the same age, the conversational sympathies are more lively and warm. The narrow fortune of a family will not allow more than one son to venture upon the expenses of matrimony; to keep the younger brothers therefore in good humour, and to make them bear their lot without repining, they are sometimes indulged, by way of a treat, with a walk arm in arm with the wife of the squire; are suffered to go to the play with her; or to use other familiarities.

'The harlequin of Italy is not the preternatural character, the dancing light-footed magician of our pantomimes; he is a servant, as full of monkey tricks as a midshipman; he wears a mask and a sword of lath,

but it has no other effect upon those whom he strikes with it, than any other lath would have; his party-coloured dress is made of patches, partly from poverty, partly from his fantastic disposition; and bears little resemblance to the glistening, scaly, snake-like attire of our nimble prince of conjurors—the presiding genius of Christmas, who fills our nurseries with his fame.

* Brighella, as his name implies, is also full of tricks: we have not this personage, unless he be our clown; he is masked, and his dress is whimsical: so is that of pantalone, our pantaloone—a poor, simple, and eccentric old gentleman.

* Colombina is a lady's maid, and does not differ from the generality of persons in that situation: she is pretty, smart, and full of gossip and intrigues; but not the brilliant dancing Psyche of our stage.—What was the origin of the characters of harlequin and columbine, as they are represented in England?

* There were two masks in the pit; boys dressed as girls, with long white feathers; they sat still and peeped through the holes in the pasteboard that covered their faces. The boasted gaiety of the carnival is a fugitive thing, and most difficult to seize; if you seek it you are sure to be a little too early, or a little too late; it was last week, if you were absent; and if you cannot stay, it will be the next.

Most happy shall we be again to meet Mr. Hogg in the field of literature. We have been indebted to him for a very unusual treat; and we are inordinate enough to desire more of a similar enjoyment.

An impartial Examination of the Hamiltonian System of teaching Languages; to which are annexed a few Hints relative to the real Method of teaching Living Languages. By M. SANTAGNELLO, Professor of the Italian Language, Author of a Grammar and Exercises. &c. 8vo. pp. 42. London 1827. John Souter.

WITH what success Mr. Hamilton may now be prosecuting his singular system, assisted as he has been by the wit, if not by the argument, of the Edinburgh Review, we are not aware; but if his—

—cunning hands
Have learnt to bridle with his helm his newly-framed boat,
And by the force of fighting floods he breaking rides aloft,

all we can say is, that he is more fortunate than adventurous worth and ability generally contrive to be. If he be going on, however, it is in despite of such opposition and exposure as would have shaken to pieces fabrics of more apparent strength than his. By what efforts of art or luck he has been enabled to survive the energetic assaults to which we allude, it is not, perhaps, worth while to inquire; but the assaults themselves cannot have passed from either Mr. Hamilton's memory or that of the public. Mr. H. has talked loudly of the *originality* of his system; but this claim appears to stand upon a very frail foundation. In a spirited pamphlet by a Mr. Corny, it has been shown that Mr. Locke, in § 167 of his *Thoughts concerning*

Education, first published in 1690, but written several years earlier, recommended the method of learning Latin by a literal interlineary translation of *Æsop*, &c.; M. du Marsais, a grammarian of celebrity, recommended the same method; M. l'Abbé d'Olivet, well known as the editor of Cicero, had seen it practised in this country, and published his *Pensées de Cicéron*, with a view to promote it; and, above all, it was developed with remarkable neatness and plausibility by M. l'Abbé de Radouville, a member of the French Academy, in a small volume printed at Paris in 1768, entitled *De la Manière d'apprendre des Langues*. 'In addition to this,' observes Mr. John Hooper Hartnoll, in his argumentation and amusing Exposure of the Fallacy of the Hamiltonian System, may be mentioned the system of Dufief, between which and Mr. Hamilton's there is a very evident connection. Mr. H. states that "Grammar is the result of *observations* upon the writings of our literati." Dufief says, "languages were made first, and grammar afterwards; and hence the rules of grammar, or the particular principles of a language, are only a *collection of observations* upon custom." From which, each would infer, that grammar is not necessary to the acquirement of a language, and that its rules should not be taught until the pupil has a perfect acquaintance with the major part of the words of that language. Locke says, "if grammar ought to be taught at any time, it must be to one that can speak the language already; how else can he be taught the grammar of it?" So much for the *originality* of the Hamiltonian system!

Mr. Hartnoll then proceeds to examine a passage in which our adventurer fancies he has made an astonishing discovery. 'It will be evident,' says Mr. Hamilton, 'to every man who witnesses the first lecture or lesson, that, if the object of study be to obtain the knowledge of words and their meaning, that mode which presents these words, with their meaning affixed, to the eye of the pupil, at the same moment that he *hears* them distinctly *pronounced*, must impress them on his memory, in a manner immeasurably superior to the uncertain idea of its meaning or pronunciation which he could derive from a dictionary, while, at the same time, he escapes the disgusting and unavailing drudgery of it.' 'But is not this,' exclaims Mr. Hartnoll, 'precisely what Condillac says in the following sentence, which is translated from his *Cours d'Etude*, "Could any one know a language, if the brain did not acquire habits answering to those of the ear to hear it, to those of the lips to speak it, and to those of the eyes to read it? The recollection of a language is not, therefore, solely in the habits of the brain; it is besides in the habits of the organs of hearing, of speech, and of sight." So much again for the freshness of Mr. Hamilton's discoveries!

Mr. Hartnoll then handles Mr. Hamilton's method of teaching, and observes, 'This method I apprehend consists in a literal interlineary translation, and in the rejection of a grammar.' Rollin, who was principal of the University of Paris, and whose opinion ought

to be of some weight, says, 'interlineary interpretations should never be allowed, they are of no other use than to accustom the mind to indolence and neglect;' and he distinctly recommends that the pupil should begin by learning the declensions, conjugations, and most common rules in syntax. I have not the least hesitation in placing this in opposition to the opinion of Locke; for surely a man who was engaged for a considerable period of his life in the practice of education, must have had a much better knowledge of the subject than one whose mind was chiefly devoted to abstruse inquiries and metaphysical speculations. No man can discover many valuable truths on the subject of education who has not been himself a teacher. The theories of the closet are ill adapted to the practice of the school-room.'

The work of M. Santagnello is chiefly confined to an examination of all Mr. Hamilton advances in his preface to the gospel of St. John, concerning his method of teaching Italian. It is a spirited and able investigation, and should be read by all who are interested in the important subject of which it treats. M. S. writes somewhat passionately, but his earnestness is of a nature rather to create sympathy than surprise; and his attack upon what he considers a fallacious and defective system, if sometimes discursive, is rarely ineffective.

MEMOIRS AND RECOLLECTIONS OF COUNT SEGUR.

(Continued from p. 165.)

WE recur to this volume with considerable pleasure, alloyed only by the consciousness of our inability to do appropriate justice to its contents. Our extracts must be brief and miscellaneous, and we commence with a—

CHARACTER OF PRINCE POTESKIN.

'However severe must be the opinion entertained of Prince Poteskin, it must, nevertheless, be admitted, that this extraordinary man combined many noble and rare qualities with his capricious character. The Prince de Ligne gave a very correct description of him, when he wrote to me from the camp of Oczakoff: "I see here the commander of an army, who appears indolent, and is constantly at work; who has no other desk than his knees, no comb but his fingers; who is always lying down, though never sleeping, either by night or by day, because his zeal for his sovereign, whom he fairly adores, keeps him always restless, and because a cannon shot, which does not reach him, makes him uneasy by the recollection that it deprives one of his soldiers of life. Fearful for others; brave for himself; stopping under the heavy fire of a battery, to issue quietly his orders; and yet rather resembling Ulysses than Achilles; disturbed at the approach of every danger; gay when in the heat of it; pensive in the midst of pleasures; unhappy through excess of happiness; indifferent about every thing; easily disgusted; morose; inconstant; at one time a grave philosopher and an intelligent minister, at another, like a child of ten years; he is not vindictive; will ask pardon for any uneasiness he may have occasioned, and will

immediately repair an act of injustice; he fancies that he loves God; and he fears the devil, whom he believes to be still more powerful and corpulent than a Prince Potemkin; with one hand he makes signs to the women who take his fancy, and crosses himself with the other." Here I stop; for this truly original portrait was extended too far in Prince de Ligne's letter, for he seldom knew when to break off, when his lively imagination carried him away.

Of the gallant curiosity of the lively veteran De Ligne, we quote an amusing specimen:

"On our return to the khan's seraglio, it was natural enough that the sight of those voluptuous cabinets should awaken some ideas of gallantry; the Prince de Ligne's curiosity, who was younger in feeling at fifty, than I was at thirty, led me into a folly, which fortunately was attended with less disagreeable consequences than we might justly have anticipated, but which drew on us a severe and well-merited lesson.

"You cannot offer a greater insult to Mussulmans than to approach their wives; the pleasure, even of beholding them, is denied to every man, but their husbands.

"This restraint irritated the curiosity of the prince. "What pleasure is there," he said to me, "in running through a large garden, of which we are not permitted to examine the flowers? I must at least, before I leave Tauris, see one Tartar female without a veil, and I am determined on it. Will you accompany me in this enterprise?"

"I did not resist the temptation, and we passed through several vallies, in a hope which was long disappointed. At length, not far from a house standing by itself, we perceived, on the borders of a little wood, three women seated, washing their feet in a limpid stream.

"Without making the least noise, we instantly glided behind some trees, and stationed ourselves very advantageously in front of them, while we were concealed by a thicket from their observation.

"As the veils of these women were on the ground near them, we could examine them at our leisure. But, alas! what a disappointment! not one of them was either pretty, young, or even passable. "Egad," exclaimed my companion inconsiderately, "Mahomet was right in wishing them to hide themselves."

"Whether they heard our voices, or whether the rustling of the leaves betrayed us, I know not, but they rose hastily, and screaming violently, fled from the place.

"We followed them in order to appease them, when we beheld coming from the mountain several Tartars, who made still more noise than the women had done, threatened us with their poignards, and threw stones at us.

"As we were not prepared to fight, we had no inclination to wait their arrival; a precipitate retreat, and the thickness of the woods soon placed us out of their reach.

"As far as this, the evil was not great, according to the easy moral, which says, that all concealed sin is half pardoned: but my imprudent friend did not stop here.

"The next day, at dinner, the empress was silent and melancholy, the emperor absorbed in his reflections, and Prince Potemkin gloomy and absent; there was but little conversation, and that little was dull and vapid.

"Observing this, the Prince de Ligne, who disliked the appearance of *ennui*, thought proper, in order to amuse the empress, and enliven his companions, to relate our last night's exploits and adventures. In vain I pinched him, in order to silence him, he boldly continued his narration.

"All began laughing as he expected, when Catherine, looking at us with a stern and severe countenance, said: "Gentlemen, this is a very ill-advised amusement, and a very bad example! you are living among a people conquered by my arms; and I wish their laws, their religion, their manners, and their prejudices to be respected.

"If any one had related this adventure to me without naming the heroes, far from suspecting that you were the actors of it, I should rather have judged some of my pages the guilty persons, and have punished them severely."

"We had nothing to reply. The Prince de Ligne as well as myself remained silent, in addition to which he was somewhat confused at his imprudent loquacity."

Satisfied with the apparent penitence of her intrusive courtiers, or possibly regretting the severity of her reproof, the obliging empress, a few days after, in granting an audience to a Mussulman princess, allowed the gentlemen to conceal themselves in such a manner, as to see without being seen. The princess, whom they had thus an opportunity of observing, is represented as being 'handsomer than the three female Tartars, but her painted eye-brows, and the shining paint which covered her face, transformed her, notwithstanding her fine eyes, into a perfect figure of porcelain.'

Among the lighter and more amiable traits of the character of Catherine, we find a decided partiality for theatrical amusements:—

"Pains had been taken to bring over, from France, a good company of comedians, by order of the empress. Those whom I saw, presented a re-union of first-rate talents; amongst the number was Aufrene, the famous actor; some renowned composers and virtuosos, Paesiello at first, and afterwards Cimarosa, Sarti, Marchesi the singer, and Madame Todi, were the delight, not only of the empress, whose ear was quite insensible to harmony, but of Prince Potemkin and of many enlightened amateurs.

"Catherine the Second was desirous of going through a complete course of our theatrical productions; every night, there was, in her presence, a representation of one of the plays of Moliere or of Regnard. But it would be difficult to express the great embarrassment of our poor actors on the first days, when compelled to perform on a spacious theatre, having before them a magnificent saloon well lighted up, the solitude of which was interrupted by the presence of ten or twelve spectators. On those occasions, the

most unanimous applauses did not make a very encouraging noise, and this was assuredly an occasion for weighing the suffrages instead of counting them.

"The empress had requested that I would read to her a tragedy of Coriolanus, which I had composed on board the ship that brought me back from America. Her indulgence was pronounced upon this work in so favourable a manner, that she insisted upon its being represented.

"In vain I opposed her wishes; she insisted; I merely obtained permission, that the representation should only take place in presence of the select circle of the empress.

"This was promised to me; and my Coriolanus was accordingly performed two or three times, before a public consisting of a dozen spectators, amongst whom I had no cabal to apprehend. The applause was, therefore, general, and the author was called for.

"It is well known, however, that the promises of courts are but slight; and no prudent man should rely upon them; but, however deceived I had been, my secret remained unrevealed; and although it was the secret of the comedy, nothing of it transpired at the time.

"On a particular Thursday, I was invited to the grand performance at the Hermitage, with the diplomatic body and the entire court. I arrive; the empress calls me to her presence; she makes me sit at her feet, on the step immediately below her own. The curtain rises; the actors make their appearance; and, to my great astonishment, I discover that they are performing my tragedy.

"Never, in my life, was I so much embarrassed; I stood quite mute and motionless, with eyes fixed like a statue. But, on a sudden, the empress, with both her hands, lays hold of mine, and then compels me to applaud my own work.

"After this polite joke, it behoved me to muster up courage, and receive, as well as I could, when the representation was over, the numerous compliments which every one felt bound, in courtesy, to bestow.

"The next day the empress laughed at my fear, and was beginning to bestow praises upon my tragedy, when I adopted the only suitable course left to me, that of criticising my own drama, and pointing out its numerous faults.

"I shall now give you a proof," said her majesty to me with that grace, which never failed to win the hearts of those whose good opinion she condescended to court, "I shall give you a proof that you have merited my applause, if not by the beauty of the verses, of which I am but an indifferent judge, at least by the exalted ideas and sentiments they convey. Now for the proof: you know I have not a poetic ear; here is, however, a passage in your tragedy, which I have retained in my memory." She recited the following verse:—

"Une honteuse paix n'est qu'un affront sanglant
Que le peuple vaincu supporte en frémissant:
Elle aigrit son courroux: jamais il ne l'endure
Que le temps qu'il lui faut pour guérir sa blessure;
Il l'accepte par crainte, il la rompt sans remords,
Et les dieux qu'il parjure approuvent ses efforts.
Alors, des deux côtés, une fureur cruelle

Rend la guerre sanglante et la haine immortelle,
Porte l'épuisement, l'effroi, l'oppression,
L'esclavage, l'opprobre, et la destruction.
Voilà les tristes fruits de toute paix hontense,
Loi toujours sans effet, trêve toujours trompeuse."

"It will be seen, that these political ideas, which might be in accordance with the taste of the empress, had contributed, no less than her kindness, to deceive her in regard to the poor merit of the diplomatic poet."

Something more of the Prince Potemkin :

"One day, when there was a large party at his house, his displeasure against France, induced him to play off a very awkward joke against me; which, however, did not turn out much to his advantage."

"In former times there were, throughout Europe, in all the courts, and in the houses of all the grandes, a class of fools, whose good fortune, ambition might have envied. They had the rare privilege of speaking the truth with impunity. The dangerous nature of such a power, has probably put an end to the fashion."

"There were still some noblemen in Russia who kept favourite buffoons of this class. Prince Potemkin had one named Mosse; he was droll, and not ill-formed; and in the midst of his jests, remarks frequently escaped him, which were no less caustic than they were daring."

"The prince was playing at chess with me, in the presence of several officers, and a considerable number of personages of the court. Wishing to embarrass me, by way of amusing himself, he called his fool, and said to him, "I should like to know what you think of the news that we have received from Paris. They are about to convoke the states-general of the kingdom; tell me, what will be the consequence?"

"Mosse, without further solicitation, talked and declaimed for a quarter of an hour, with extreme volubility, pouring forth his undigested and comical erudition, confounding facts, reigns, dates, the Albigenses, the Protestants, and the Jansenists; but still intermingling true anecdotes, and presenting, on the whole, a grotesque and satirical caricature of our court, our clergy, our nobility, and our national character. The conclusion of all these epigrams was, a prediction of a general disturbance and universal absurdity, unless wise men, like himself, were placed at the head of affairs, instead of the fools who now conducted them."

"During this fine display against France, the guests were watching me, and enjoying the joke; and the prince was laughing in his sleeve at the troublesome position into which he had put me, by making me listen to so much abuse of my country, and giving me a fool for an antagonist."

"However, I did not lose my presence of mind, and I resolved to have my revenge. I was not ignorant how far people were forced, at St Petersburg, to be silent and circumpect with regard to politics and the operations of the government. These subjects, in fact, were not allowed to be talked of."

"Instead of being angry with the orator, I said to him: "My dear Mosse, you are a learned man; but you have not seen France for twenty years, and your memory, although

prodigious, deceives you in some points; what you have delivered is a rude mixture of truth and error. Your able discourse, however, convinces me that you would be much more eloquent and interesting if you would speak to us of Russia, and of the war in which she is at present engaged against Turkey."

"On hearing this, Prince Potemkin frowned, and made a threatening gesture to the fool; but the intrepid Mosse, who was in the right humour, and whom my praises had encouraged, started off with fury, and treated Russia even more unmercifully than France. He expatiated on the miserable slavery of the people, on the despotism of the court, on the imperfect state of the army, on the emptiness of the treasury, on the bank's want of credit. "What, in short," said he, "is to be thought of a government, whose affairs are in this wretched state, and which is, nevertheless, about to waste the lives of so many men, and so much money, in order to conquer deserts and catch the plague? Why do they resolve to ruin themselves, to bleed through every pore and run the risk of arming all Europe against them? You cannot guess why. I will tell you. It is all to amuse a great prince, now present, who finds time hanging heavy on his hands, and to give him the pleasure of adding the ribbon of St. George to the thirty or forty decorations with which he is already bespangled."

"At this palpable hit, I burst out into a hearty laugh; the rest of the company, with great difficulty, suppressed their inclination to follow my example, and the prince, in a rage, overturned the table, and put Mosse to flight by throwing the chess-board at his head. I then represented to the prince, that we should appear more foolish than Mosse, if we allowed ourselves to be put in a passion by his folly; and the evening ended in mirth."

With a deeply interesting anecdote of the celebrated Paul Jones, we close our examples of the fertility of this volume in witty remarks, profound reflections, and important details:—

"Paul Jones, a sharer in the victories of the Prince de Nassau, had returned to Petersburg; his enemies, unable to bear the triumph of a man whom they treated as a vagabond, a rebel, and a corsair, resolved to destroy him. This atrocity, which ought to be imputed to some envious cowards, was, I think, very unjustly attributed to the English officers in the Russian navy, and to the merchants who were their countrymen. These, in truth, did not disguise their animosity against Paul Jones; but it would be unjust to affix upon all a base intrigue, which was, perhaps, but the work of two or three persons, who have continued unknown."

"The American rear-admiral was favourably welcomed at court; often invited to dinner by the empress, and received, with distinction, into the best society in the city; on a sudden, Catherine commanded him to appear no more in her presence."

"He was informed that he was accused of an infamous crime; of assaulting a young girl of fourteen, of grossly violating her; and

that, probably, after some preliminary information, he would be tried by the courts of Admiralty, in which there were many English officers, who were strongly prejudiced against him."

"As soon as this order was known, every one abandoned the unhappy American; no one spoke to him, people avoided saluting him, and every door was shut against him. All those, by whom, but yesterday, he had been eagerly welcomed, now fled from him as if he had been infected with a plague; besides, no advocate would take charge of his cause, and no public man would consent to listen to him; at last, even his servants would not continue in his service; and Paul Jones, whose exploits every one had, so recently, been ready to proclaim, and whose friendship had been sought after, found himself alone, in the midst of an immense population: Petersburg, a great capital, became to him a desert."

"I went to see him; he was moved, even to tears, by my visit. "I was unwilling," he said to me, shaking me by the hand, "to knock at your door, and to expose myself to a fresh affront, which would have been more cutting than all the rest. I have braved death a thousand times, now I wish for it." His appearance, his arms being laid upon the table, made me suspect some desperate intention."

"Resume," I said to him, "your composure and your courage. Do you not know that human life, like the sea, has its storms, and that fortune is even more capricious than the winds? If, as I hope, you are innocent, brave this sudden tempest: if, unhappily, you are guilty, confess it to me, with unreserved frankness, and I will do every thing I can to snatch you, by a sudden flight, from the danger which threatens you."

"I swear to you, upon my honour," said he, that I am innocent, and a victim of the most infamous calumny. This is the truth. Some days since, a young girl came to me, in the morning, to ask me if I could give her some linen or lace to mend. She then indulged in some rather earnest and indecent allurements. Astonished at so much boldness, in one of such few years, I felt compassion for her; I advised her not to enter upon so vile a career, gave her some money, and dismissed her; but she was determined to remain."

"Impatient at this resistance, I took her by the hand and led her to the door; but, at the instant when the door was opened, the little profligate tore her sleeves and her neckerchief, raised great cries, complained that I had assaulted her, and threw herself into the arms of an old woman, whom she called her mother, and who, certainly, was not brought there by chance. The mother and the daughter raised the house with their cries, went out and denounced me: and now you know all."

"Very well," I said, "but cannot you learn the names of these adventurers?" "The porter knows them," he replied; "here are their names written down, but I do not know where they live. I was desirous of immediately presenting a memoria

about this ridiculous affair, first to the minister, and then to the empress, but I have been interdicted from all access to both of them."

"Give me the paper," I said; "resume your accustomed firmness; be comforted; let me undertake it; in a short time we shall meet again."

"As soon as I had returned home, I directed some sharp and intelligent agents, who were devoted to me, to get information respecting these suspected females, and to find out what was their mode of life. I was not long in learning that the old woman was in the habit of carrying on a vile traffic in young girls, whom she passed off as her daughters."

"When I was furnished with all the documents and attestations for which I had occasion, I hastened to show them to Paul Jones. 'You have nothing more to fear,' said I, 'the wretches are unmasked. It is only necessary to open the eyes of the empress, and to let her see how unworthily she has been deceived; but that is not so very easy; truth encounters a multitude of people at the doors of a palace, who are very clever in arresting its progress; and sealed letters are, of all others, those which are intercepted with the greatest art and care.'

"Nevertheless, I know that the empress, who is not ignorant of this, has directed, under very heavy penalties, that no one shall detain, on the way, any letters which are addressed to her personally, and which may be sent to her by post; therefore, here is a very long letter which I have written to her in your name: nothing of the detail is omitted, although it contains some rough expressions. I am sorry for the empress; but since she heard and gave credit to a calumny, it is but right that she should read the justification with patience. Copy this letter, sign it, and I will take charge of it. I will send some one to put it in the post at the nearest town. Take courage; believe me, your triumph is not doubtful."

"In fact, the letter was sent and put in the post; the empress received it; and, after having read this memorial, which was fully explanatory, and accompanied by undeniable attestations, she inveighed bitterly against the informers, revoked her rigorous orders, recalled Paul Jones to court, and received him with her usual kindness."

"That brave seaman enjoyed, with a becoming pride, a reparation which was due to him; but he trusted very little in the compliments that were unblushingly heaped upon him, by the many persons who had fled from him in his disgrace; and shortly afterwards, disgusted with a country, where the fortune of a man may be exposed to such humiliations, under the pretence of ill health, he asked leave of the empress to retire, which she granted to him, as well as an honourable order and a suitable pension."

"He took leave, after having expressed to me his gratitude for the service which I had rendered him, and his respect for a sovereign, who, although she might be led into an error, knew at least how to make an honourable reparation for a fault and an act of injustice."

Perhaps few writers have done more to let us into a true knowledge of the disposition and deportment of Catherine, than Count Segur, certainly none have provided us with volumes so rich in illustrations and explanations of the political movements of the period to which they refer, so abounding in anecdotal treasures at once novel and piquant, or so strikingly distinguished by sketches of character and individual portraits, spirited without the drawback of extravagance, and delicate without being too faint and shadowy.

A Discourse of the Objects, Advantages, and Pleasures of Science. 8vo. pp. 48. London, 1827. Baldwin and Co.

THIS Discourse may be considered as the preface to a valuable list of tracts on natural, intellectual, ethical, and political philosophy, science, history, and biography, announced for publication, under the patronage and superintendence of a powerful society for the diffusion of useful knowledge; among whom is Henry Brougham, Esq. M. P., and to whose pen is attributed this lucid, clever, and valuable introduction. As the tract is published at sixpence, we shall merely make one short extract, to induce the public to inquire further:—

"It may be shown by examples how much use and gratification there is in learning a part of any one branch of knowledge; and it may thus be inferred, how great reason there is to learn the whole. It may easily be demonstrated, that there is an advantage in learning, both for the usefulness and the pleasure of it. There is something positively agreeable to all men, to all at least whose nature is not most grovelling and base, in gaining knowledge for its own sake. When you see any thing for the first time, you at once derive some gratification from the sight being new; your attention is awakened, and you desire to know more about it. If it is a piece of workmanship, as an instrument, a machine of any kind, you wish to know how it is made; how it works; and what use it is of. If it is an animal, you desire to know where it comes from; how it lives; what are its dispositions, and, generally, its nature and habits. This desire is felt, too, without at all considering that the machine or the animal may ever be of the least use to yourself practically; for, in all probability, you may never see them again. But you feel a curiosity to learn all about them, because they are new and unknown to you. You accordingly make inquiries; you feel a gratification in getting answers to your questions, that is, in receiving information, and in knowing more,—in being better informed than you were before. If you ever happen again to see the same instrument or animal, you find it agreeable to recollect having seen it before, and to think that you know something about it. If you see another instrument or animal, in some respects like, but differing in other particulars, you find it pleasing to compare them together, and to note in what they agree, and in what they differ. Now, all this kind of gratification is of a pure and disinterested nature, and has no reference to any of the common purposes of life; yet it is a pleasure

—an enjoyment. You are nothing the richer for it; you do not gratify your palate or any other bodily appetite; and yet it is so pleasing that you would give something out of your pocket to obtain it, and would forego some bodily enjoyment for its sake. The pleasure derived from science is exactly of the like nature, or, rather, it is the very same. For what has just been referred to is in fact science, which, in its most comprehensive sense, only means *knowledge*, and, in its ordinary sense, means *knowledge reduced to a system*."

The Library for the People, No. I. Astronomy 8vo. pp. 32. London, 1827. Knight and Lacey.

THE proprietors of this work state, that they issued a prospectus, in 1825, of a Library for the People, which promised unparalleled success, but that circumstances of a peculiar nature delayed its appearance, and they now complain that their plan has been taken up by a well known party,—of course alluding to the society for promoting useful knowledge. We mention this circumstance as a matter of justice, and have no hesitation in stating that the number before us is creditable to all the parties concerned.

Pompeii, a Poem; to which are added, a few Poetical Trifles. Small 8vo. pp. 120. London, 1827. Lupton Relfe.

IN this effort we find little to commend, except the choice of subject. The author calls it his 'pilot balloon,' and says, that 'if it be wafted along by the gentle current of public favour, it may be followed by a venture of greater importance; if it be torn to pieces by adverse winds, the aeronaut will take warning, and consult his safety.' Finding him so philosophically resigned, we feel the less reluctant in avowing our belief that the 'gods have not made him poetical,' and that unless he be very young indeed, we cannot flatter him or ourselves with the idea that he will ever be distinguished as a poet. It is possible that he has mistaken his *forte*, and that he would find himself more at home in prose composition; at all events, he has elegance and correctness enough for the one, and has not sufficient buoyancy and fervour for the other. A first effort of this kind, without any of the wild and graceful exuberances which invariably attend the true inspiration, affords but little promise.

ORIGINAL.

A LETTER FROM HASTINGS.

[WHEREIN the writer, who visits the coast for a little recreation, informs his correspondent in town, how he is persecuted by certain mischievous flies, which, like the Harpies, whose strange behaviour to Pius Æneas and his companions on the shores of the Strophades, is described by Maro in The Æneid.

'Magnis quatiant elongoribus alas:
Diripiuntque dapes, contactuque omnia fedant
Immundo.'

This afternoon, the day being warm,
Of vagrant flies in poured a swarm,
On some nefarious purpose bent,
Whether to plunder or torment,
Or, as it proved, by no means loth,
To torment and to plunder both.

Just as I now began to doze,
A blow-fly settled on my nose,
And there presumed to clean her wing,
And walk about like any thing:
At first around the tip she tries,
Then back she scrambles tow'ards my eyes;
Now on the lofty ridge she mounts,
And thence each distant pimple counts:
'There, there,' she cries, 'is one below,
Which I'm resolved to go and blow*.'
Whereon she marches down my face,
With rapid strides, and blows the place.
On further mischief still intent,
Across my cheek she mutt'ring went,
While, from the course she took, 'twas clear
She'd some design upon my ear;
And, when arrived, it so turned out—
For in she got and buzzed about.

To be thus startled from my nap,
Enraged, I gave my ear a slap,
And, though I missed the worthless elf,
Zounds what a dab I gave myself!
The fly rejoined her comrades true,
And round and round the room she flew.

Recovered somewhat from my pain
And flight, I sit me down again;
My arms I fold, my eye-lids close,
And, as before, begin to doze;
When, half awake and half asleep,
Again I feel a something creep
Across my face and down my neck,
Beneath my whisker, round and back;
'Why what the deuce is this?' cried I—
'But there—no doubt that cursed fly!'
Again I raised my hand and smacked
My cheek with much the same effect;
The fly escaping still her doom,
Again flew round and round the room.

Once more I sought, with rage suppressed,
The enjoyment of a moment's rest;
I threw a kerchief o'er my eyes,
To keep away these cruel flies;
'Twas all in vain, for while I dozed,
My nose and chin were needs exposed;
And, as convulsed I slum'ring lay,
I heard, or dreamt I heard them say:
'Now, now 's the time! (d'ye hear him snore?)
His ticklish nostrils to explore;
In, in! but sooner die than start,
Until you've fairly blown the part.'
And so behold, without response,
Up flew two blust'ring flies at once
Into my unprotected snout,
And there they bounced and flounced about;
Nor did they offer to depart
Until they'd thoroughly blown the part.

Polluted thus and frightened too,
Egad I knew not what to do;
I sneezed at this conjuncture thrice,
A thing I rarely do but twice,
And 's if my nose had had a tweak,
The tears ran trickling down my cheek.
Finding, at length, 'twere worse than vain
To shut my drowsy lids again,
I thought the wiser plan would be
To ring the bell and order tea;
My nose (e'en now I feel it itch)
I rubbed—and gave the rope a twitch;
The maid attends without delay,
And shortly after brings the tray.
Now seated at my fine souchong,
Fresh swarms of flies about me throng;
Some drink my milk, some fall on me,
Some taste my sugar, some my tea;
My butter some more dearly prize,
Though not precisely *butter*-flies;
They now attack me might and main,

* Such is my interpretation of the language she made use of.

I beat them off, they come again;
I tried to grasp them as they passed,
And thought I had caught one at last;
I ope my trembling palm with care,
But, strange to say, it was not there:
In fact, no scheme could I devise
To conquer these rapacious flies.

Sure no poor mortal ever yet
Was so insulted, so beset;
First rudely trampled up and down,
Then tickled, terrified, and blown;
Part of my victuals stolen, part spoiled,
For what they could not seize they soiled;
Pharaoh, in short, with all his fry,
Was never half so plagued as I,
And Job such patience ne'er possessed
As that, I'm sure, with which I'm blessed;
But since I now must quite despair
Of finding peace or comfort here,
I'll send *instantly* to engage
My passage by to-morrow's stage,
Determined to frequent no more
This fishy, fly-engend'ring shore.

H. J.

A REASONABLE MAN.

To the Editor of The Literary Chronicle.

MR. EDITOR,—I am, or at least have the character of being, a *reasonable* man. I follow many of the wisest maxims that were ever written.—Early going to bed and early rising have, in fact, made me healthy, wealthy, and *wise*. It is well when a man knows what is *enough*, said I to myself, when I found that I was in possession of a clear five hundred pounds a-year; and, therefore, I gave up business, resolving that I would be neither like the dog and the shadow, and envy those who *appeared* to be better off than myself; nor, like the one in the manger, keep that for my sole use which would be desirable to others, whilst to me it was a source of care and watchfulness. This I consider to be strictly according to the rules of reason. Being thus completely at my ease, I find every one admiring my fortune, but few willing to follow the precepts by which I obtained it; and I also observe that all those with whom I associate are continually sneering at the way in which I live, although they understand it not; and to you, for the first time, I venture to complain, in the hope that you may print my thoughts, which, if you do, I can give your papers to these contemptuous folk, trusting that these hints may correct their manners:—

'This is a charming world we live in
To spend, to lend, or to give in.'

I profess no originality; 'What you see good in others imitate.' This I have done and intend to do. 'Live within compass.' This I do. 'Enough is better than a feast.' I never eat to excess. 'Stimulants are injurious to health.' I never indulge in them. I eat when I am hungry, and drink when I am dry; habit is second nature. A morning and evening repast are generally sufficient; he who eats more than suffices deprives the hungry of a meal. The plainer the food the wholesomer; it costs me nothing for pickles, spices, nor pungent sauces: he who nurses his appetite encourages an enemy. I have a good appetite, and I let well alone. I am content with what I get, and envy no man's luxuries. I shun public notice, and know I

have little to reproach myself with. As I detest ostentation, I am generous in secret; and as I sleep peaceably, believe I have a good conscience. Having thus told you something of my likings, I must now tell you some of my dislikings. I dislike to be offended,—for if a man *intends* to offend me, and I am so, I let him have his way who ought not; but if *no* offence is intended, surely I ought not to be offended. I dislike duelling, but am no coward; life is a blessing only to the honest. I dislike all kind of quarrelling; disputation is ever better ended by gentle and convincing reasoning than by noise and violence. But so few persons act with me in these points, that I am most comfortable by myself: a man that will not guttle, fuddle, and squabble, is not fit to live in civilised society. I dislike riding; for the little I have to do my legs can carry me well enough, and can scarcely tire themselves in my service. I dislike cards, music, or dancing, after ten o'clock; therefore am I disliked; yet, although I condemn all these things, I avoid complaining, and try to set a good pattern, although none follow my example. I dislike to see people reasonable in their writings and unreasonable in their actions. I dislike to see those who know the best act the worst; and I believe I am disliked myself because I am unlike others. In short, sir, I think I am an oddity; for, as society is constituted, it is not unlike derangement to act according to the dictates of reason; he who does, is peculiar, selfish, and opiated, if not mad: for is it not next to madness to act according to the rules of truth and reason among those who have nothing to do with either.

Your's, &c. A REASONABLE MAN.

RECOLLECTIONS.

I MOURN my young heart's dreaming,
Now changed to joyless calm;
I mourn my bosom's gleaming,
When all of life was balm;
When I saw no cloud of ill
O'erhang youth's early flowers—
Oh, thought will linger still
On those bright and happy hours!

Then the torrent of my mind
Delighted in its dashing;
Then the flame, within me shrined,
Broke out in wayward flashing;
But the fire fell in night,
And the torrent ceased to roar,
The world came with its blight,
And they enchant no more.

I deemed my fellow men
Were happy, true, and free,
But I have learned since then
That this was phantasy.
I fancied that the fair
Were so in form and heart;
Doubt followed—and despair,
Yet—this dream will scarce depart.

I knew not of man's guile,
Base offspring of his fears;
Nor the fleeting of the smile,
That heralds all his fears.
I knew not of the cloud
That hovers over bliss;
Nor till care my spirit bowed.
Came a single thought of this.

I mingle with the throng,
I do as others do,
All but my love of song
I cease to prize or woo;
Fond memory still traces
The joys my harp first sung,
All else the world effaces
From a heart that world hath wrung. λ

OLIVES.

THE olive is a fruit much affected at the table of the wine-bibber. It flavoureth much like unto sea-water, and rarely pleaseth the palate at first acquaintance. Some writers have likened it to truth, which harsh and bitter though it be, is a medicine salutary and necessary to him whom men ply overmuch with the sweet wine of flattery. It was a pleasant conceit, too, that of the poet, who, when one asked him why he called his bad poesies by the title of Olives, answered, because they having tasted of these, the mind better relisheth (by contrast,) the excellent labours of more worthie hands.—Dictionary of Allegories, 1632.

Why is not the barbarous custom of expelling the ladies from the dining parlour immediately after dinner abolished? What nation can believe that we *really* value the society of the fair sex, when we thus manifestly give a preference to the comparatively wretched enjoyment of the bottle? The evils resulting from this absurd practice are, in my opinion, numerous and important, and it has often been to me a subject of wonder, that it has never arrested the attention of the moralist.

'Oh! woman, lovely woman! Nature made you
To temper man; we had been brutes without you.'

By no circumstance is the truth of the poet's observation more confirmed than by the scene which almost invariably follows the exeunt of these our guardian angels. People then seem to cry 'havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war against all order, and but too frequently common decency. The indelicate song and the yet fouler jest abound, followed, of course, by worse, as the unrestricted libations take effect. To a certain extent, this is the case, even in the most orderly of societies; indeed, it would be difficult to discover a motive for thus banishing the fairest ornaments of the social circle, unless it be that of giving an unrestrained license to one of the most unintellectual and terrene propensities of our nature. But one class of persons can derive any real benefit from the custom—the wine-merchant; because its abolition would inevitably be followed by a curtailment of his bills. Aye, replies my opponent, but I love my bottle, and the presence of ladies acts—as it should act. You are fond of a glass, and are but too apt to be led by that fondness into debasing and unhealthy excesses. Prevention is better than cure, and nobody but an inveterate mysogymist will deny that prevention in the shape of a pretty face is, beyond all comparison, better than cure, in the shape of a long-faced, fee-demanding doctor. The pretensions of our nation to gallantry appear absurd indeed, and one cannot help feeling ashamed, and trembling for its reputation, when one observes the impatience with which an unusual lingering of the female portion of

the company is borne; and must we not be somewhat degraded in *their* eyes, by thus proving ourselves so enamoured of *grossièreté*, as deliberately to expel them from our presence for the purpose of indulging in it?

Avarice.—Avarice is the mistaking a necessity for a blessing, like the man, who having taken a nauseous medicine during many years, at length fancied it delicious, and took it to gratify his palate.

He who marries a woman for the mere purpose of becoming master of her property, is, in a moral point of view, a murderer, of as deep a dye as any of the heroes of the Newgate Calendar. Of all torments, that of being forced constantly to associate with a person for whom we have no affection, is perhaps the least endurable; and this is the situation of such a man. His only hope of emancipation is the death of the party to whom he is indebted for all which is to constitute his future enjoyments. If a spark of feeling survive such an act, he becomes at best a hypocrite, and in that case, (but such instances are rare,) usually concludes as a suicide. 'The sickening child of hope delayed' and concealed, working sometimes a result precisely the opposite of that anticipated by the projector; but he who has villainy enough to commence such a deed is rarely found deficient in recklessness to carry his purpose through. Unremitted cruelty and brutality is the exchange for truth in such cases, and the unfortunate being soon falls a victim, by a species of murder slower and incalculably more agonizing than that inflicted by the knife or the pistol, but unfortunately—legal.

Perhaps similarity of *character* in a partner for life is not so much the requisite as a similarity of *tastes*.

Observing a funeral procession, of more than usual pomp, passing lately through a street in London, I had the curiosity to inquire of one of the mutes the name of the deceased. 'I don't know, sir,' was the reply of the man, referring me at the same time to one of his companions. What a comment on the most vain of all human vanities! Not only did the hireling mourner *not* mourn, but he even did not feel the paltry interest capable of inducing an inquiry respecting the name of him for whom he was paid for *seeming* to mourn. Add to this, a long line of empty carriages, and the mockery is complete. If this be honouring the dead, never be such honours mine. May I be cast into the ocean; may my bones be left to whiten on the mountain side; any thing but this hollow—this miserable ceremony. If the spirit indeed have the power of witnessing this idle parade, what must be its indignation? To me it is something perfectly astonishing, that a custom so senseless, so contemptible, should have so long survived in a country professing to have long since shaken off the fetters of superstition. I know few sights more disgusting than that of a hearse covered with the employés of the undertaker—a carcass surrounded by carrion crows is preferable beyond all comparison. E.

'TELLE EST LA VIE.'

A BARK was launched upon the ocean's breast,
When the wind and waves were lulled to rest;
When the sun shone out from a cloudless sky,
And many a merry heart was nigh;
And voices glad ran through the air,
As she glided on, like a white swan there;
Upon the shore a maiden stood,
By fortune, fame, and pleasure wooed;
A maid with youth's seducing eye,
And a heart that knew not sorrow's sigh,
And she sang in her spirit's ecstasy—
'Telle est la vie.'

I saw that bark again, with sail
And cordage rent by the angry gale;
And of the bold and gallant crew,
Remained but a worn and weary few;
A youth leaned over the vessel's side,
By other storms than ocean's tried,
By the storms that leave the heart a wreck,
That pleasure never more can deck—
He looked on the storm as it rolled away,
Till the heavens were bright in the evening ray;
Aye smile, he cried, the ruin's o'er,
Now promise, like the world, once more
Lure others on to misery—
'Telle est la vie.'

By the muttering deep I roamed once more,
Where the black rock guards the savage shore;
The moon scarce broke the sable cloud,
And the thunder yet was threatening loud,
And shattered on the beach was cast
A tattered sail—a shivered mast,
And ever and aye the billows threw
On the sharp rock one of the lifeless crew;
And one I saw—an aged one
Worn out beneath an Indian sun;
He left his land in early life
He flew from love to toil and strife,
All gifts, save gold, he held as nought,
And he won the prize for which he wrought;
Where is it now? He lived to see
Life's labours gulphed in the angry sea—
'Telle est la vie.'

1827.

— DE —

FINE ARTS.

*The Passions of the Horse, by Chalon,
Plate III.—Joy and Gladness.*

OUR readers will remember that on two former occasions we spoke in terms of high praise of Mr. Chalon's labours. The first plate of this series, Rage and Agony, exhibits great talent; the second, Love, possesses also much merit; and the present engraving is by no means inferior to its predecessors; it represents 'an old favourite Hunter' galloping round the inclosure of his pasture ground, with streaming mane and tail, ears erect, and nostrils dilated, listening to the view hollo of the huntsman and the voices of the hounds. The attitude of the horse is in fine keeping, and there is indeed joy in his expressive countenance, as is usual with Mr. Chalon's delineations. This plate combines elegance with correctness, and the freedom of real is imparted to still life. In the perspective appears the chase; and the extent of champaign country forms a diversified and good background to the darkly tinted noble animal in front. It were useless in us longer to expatiate on the merits of this production. The

* See Nos. 385 and 398.

idea of illustrating the passions of the horse is happy and original, and the execution is alike distinguished, for spirit, beauty, and fidelity.

VARIETIES.

The Jewels of the Months.—In Poland, according to a superstitious belief, each month of the year is under the influence of a precious stone, which influence is attached to the destiny of persons born during the course of that month. It is, in consequence customary, amongst friends, and more particularly between lovers, to make on birth-days reciprocal presents, consisting of some jewel ornamented with the tutelar stone, and accompanied by wishes analogous to the circumstance. It is generally believed that this prediction of happiness, or rather this imaginary destiny, will be realized according to the wishes expressed.

JANUARY.—The jacinth or garnet denotes constancy and fidelity in every sort of engagement.

FEBRUARY.—The amethyst: a preservative against violent passion, and an assurance of peace of mind.

MARCH.—The blood-stone is the mark of courage and wisdom in perilous enterprizes.

APRIL.—The sapphire or diamond: proof of repentance and innocence.

MAY.—The emerald: happy in love.

JUNE.—The agate: long life and health.

JULY.—The ruby or cornelian: forgetfulness of, or exemption from, the vexations caused by friendship or love.

AUGUST.—The sardonyx: conjugal felicity.

SEPTEMBER.—The chrysolite: preservation from, or cure of, madness.

OCTOBER.—The aqua-marina or opal: distress and hope.

NOVEMBER.—The topaz: fidelity; friendship.

DECEMBER.—The turquoise or the malachite: great success and prosperity in all the circumstances of life.—*Furet.*

Egyptian Mummy.—The operation of opening an Egyptian mummy was performed in the Gallery of Egyptian Antiquities, at Paris, on Sunday, the 11th inst. The Dauphiness and a number of scientific persons attended. The linen bands encircling the body from head to foot being unrolled, the mummy was found to be in wonderful preservation. The nails on the hands were remarkably long, the hair was quite perfect, and had preserved its flaxen colour untarnished; eyes of enamel had been substituted for the original, a singularity which has been observed only once before. The most curious circumstance, however, was the discovery of two papyrus manuscripts, one rolled round the head, the other round the breast: they were in such preservation as to allow of being deciphered by M. Champollion, jun.; the body, by this means, was found to be that of Tete-Muthis, daughter to the keeper of the Temple of Isis, at Thebes; different marks and ornaments also denoted that she had been one of high consideration among the Egyptians. It is supposed that the mummy cannot be less than three thousand years old, notwithstanding which the skin has preserved, in a great measure, its elasticity, and even its humidity

in some parts. An attentive perusal of the manuscripts will, no doubt, bring to light some curious facts, which we shall be punctual in laying before our readers. The operation was managed by Drs. Delatre and De Verneuil.—*Paris paper.*

Mr. Gatch, of Bristol, has in the press a very interesting volume, entitled *Second Thoughts on the Person of Christ, on Human Sin, and on the Atonement*, containing reasons for the author's secession from the Unitarian communion, and his adherence to the established church; by C. A. Elton, Esq.

They are now selling throughout France, by official authority, full particulars of the miraculous cross that appeared in the heavens in the parish of Migné, of which *The Literary Chronicle* made mention in a late number. A German paper explains the pretended miracle by the well-known laws of the refraction of light, and all unprejudiced persons follow its opinions.

The Art of Reading.—No accomplishment is so rare. Players are the worst readers of all: — reads vilely; and Mrs. —, who is so celebrated, can read nothing well but dramatic compositions: Milton she cannot read sufferably. People in general read poetry without any passion at all, or else overstep the modesty of nature, and read not like scholars.

A History of the War in the Peninsular, by the late General Foix, is announced as on the eve of publication in Paris.

In 1720, two pupils, in a seminary at Remini, were united in the strictest bonds of friendship. One of them was the son of a labourer in the neighbourhood, the other, the only child of a rich officer in the service of the King of Sardinia. They made an agreement, that whatever might be their fate in after life, they would never suffer more than two years to elapse without seeing or writing to each other. One of these youths, Laurent Ganganelli, became professor of philosophy at Pesaro, a monk of the order of St. Francis, a definitor, a counsellor of the holy office, then cardinal, and afterwards pope, under the name of Clement XIV. The other lad, Carlo Bertinazzi, after his father's death, went to France, and, better known by the name of Carlin, became one of the best harlequins of the Italian comedy. The correspondence of these two individuals is now publishing in Paris.

Kingly Liberty.—Augustus Cæsar was certainly a most powerful prince; moreover, he was a prince the most jealous of his power of any we read of; yet he gave many instances of the greatness of his mind and the soundness of his politics; for when he surprised one of his grandchildren reading the *Life of Cato*, he encouraged the boy, who wanted to conceal the book, bidding him read on, for Cato was a brave patriot and a good man. Virgil and Horace, who depended on the countenance of this prince and his minister for their daily bread, were not afraid to bestow the highest encomiums upon the republican virtues of the same patriot, though it was upon the ruin of those virtues that the government of Augustus was founded.

Catherine of Russia trying to turn Poet.—‘This princess took it into her head,’ says Count Segur, ‘to learn to make verses: I was occupied eight days in making her acquainted with the rules of poetry; but from the moment we attempted to put them in practice, both she and I discovered that time had never been worse employed, and I believe that it would be difficult to meet with an ear less susceptible of the harmony of verse than her’s was. Her brain, entirely filled with reasoning and politics, afforded no images to enrich her thoughts; her mind seemed to sink under the fatigue of a toilsome search for metre and for rhyme. She allowed, therefore, that her efforts in this species of composition would not be more happy than those of the celebrated Mallebranche, who said, that after very great labour, he was incapable of making any other verses than the two following:—

“ Il fait le plus beau temps du monde
Pour aller à cheval, sur la terre et sur l’onde.”

“ The weather’s as fine as weather can be
On horseback to ride o’er the land and the sea.”

‘Catherine appearing vexed at the inefficacy of her efforts, Mr. Fitz-Herbert said to her: “It is all very right, madam, none should aim, at the same moment, at every kind of glory, and you should have been willing to content yourself with those two fine verses which you composed upon your bitch and your physician:—

“ Ci-gît la Duchesse Anderson,
Qui mordit Monsieur Rogerson.”

“ Here lies the Duchess Anderson,
Who once bit Mr. Rogerson.”

‘I therefore renounced this poetical education, declaring to my august scholar, that she must, through absolute necessity, thenceforward be content never to make laws and conquests but in prose.’

Two poems have recently been published in Paris, which are very highly spoken of; one is entitled *Les Cent Jours*, the other, *St. Hélène*. The author, Mr. Charles Massas, has endeavoured to free French poetry from the absurd rules by which it is fettered; he has substituted lyrical rhymes for alexandrine verses, and has divided his two pieces into strophes. His first poem contains three cantos and an epilogue, the second has only one. The style abounds in brilliant thoughts and images, and the versification is extremely harmonious.

There has been laid before Parliament an account of the manumissions of slaves in the several West India colonies, for the last five years. The greatest number manumitted in any one colony, is in Antigua, viz.—812 in the whole period. The last account of the slave population of that island made it 30,314. In Jamaica, where the population is many times greater, the number manumitted has been 466. In St. Lucia, 600; in Trinidad, 631. There must be some local causes for this disproportion.

Too much.—Hippocrates, one of our most venerable fathers in medicine, tells us, that he who eats and drinks little will have no disease. Dr. Cheyne, who had suffered dreadfully from the effects of an opposite course, laid it down that in the regulation of our diet, we ought to aim at ‘the lightest and

the least.' Those persons can scarcely expect to escape the horrors of indigestion, whose meals emulate, in frequency and continuation, the pasture of an animal at grass. He who is sparing in the quantity, need not be very scrupulous in the quality of his aliment. By making it a habit to rise from table with a certain degree of appetite, a man may save himself a great deal of trouble in the selection of his food.

A System of Osteology, or the Anatomy of the Human Bones, is preparing for publication, by H. W. Dewhurst, Esq.

Horologes.—Some plants, by observing particular hours, become horologes, viz. the goatsbeards open with the sun and close at noon; the garden lettuce opens at seven and shuts at ten; most of the syngeneious plants have particular hours for opening and shutting, such as the cat's ear, which closes at three, the mouse ear at half past two, and so on; the marigold is longer open than many of this sort. The prince's leaf is called four o'clock flower, from opening at four, and so on.—*Forster's Ency.*

A few leaves of manuscript on vellum, Robert of Knaresborough, were sold by Messrs. Evans, at the sale of the Rev. H. Drury's library, for 33l. 10s., which Mr. Drury had purchased in the Borough for 3s. Mr. Theodore Hook, it is asserted, is the author of Almacks.

On Tuesday last, the boats, especially built with wheels and sledges for Capt. Parry's expedition to the North Pole, were transported, by means of horses, on their own wheels, from Woolwich Dock-yard to Deptford. Each boat is provided with three wheels; two being in the centre, while the third, under the fore-part, similar to that of a Bath chair, serves as a rudder, or conductor. Among the numerous visitors of the Hecla on Wednesday, was that intelligent and scientific blind traveller, Mr. Holman, whose careful examination of the ship and of the above-mentioned boats excited much attention.

The following works are announced for early publication:—The Subaltern's Log-Book, during two Voyages to India, with anecdotes of well-known military characters; A volume of Sermons, by the Rev. W. Deafly; The Castle of Villeroy, by Ann of Kent; The Book-collector's Manual, or a Guide to the Knowledge of upwards of 20,000 rare, curious, and useful Books; A fashionable jeu-d'esprit, under the title of May Fair, dedicated to the Coterie at Holland House; The Age Reviewed—a Satire; and some Account of the Science of Botany, being the Substance of an Introductory Lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, by John Frost, F. A. S. and L. S.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	Thermometer.			Barom.	State of the Weather.
	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.		
Mar. 16.	37.	47.	46.	30.13	Fair.
..... 17.	46.	45.	36.	29.39	Rain.
..... 18.	36.	42.	33.	30.04	Cloudy.
..... 19.	41.	42.	46.	.. 30.	Cloudy.
..... 20.	47.	52.	48.	.. 19.	Cloudy.
..... 21.	49.	52.	47.	.. 18.	Cloudy.
..... 22.	48.	56.	48.	.. 05.	Fine.

WORKS JUST PUBLISHED:—Bowring's Servian Popular Poetry, 8s.—Olivia's Tragedy, 6s.—Conjuration contre Venise, 6s.—Anderson's Prize Essay, 8vo. 7s.—Instructions for Collecting British Insects, 3s. 6d.—Allan's Surgery, vol. 3, part 2, 10s. 6d.—Blair's Scientific Aphorisms, 16s.—Kilbert's Sermons, 5s. 6d.—Personal Narrative of Adventures in the Peninsular War, 9s. 6d.—Smith's Classical Student's Manual, 9s.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

MOUNTAIN Scenery in our next.

S. M.'s MS. has been long at our office.

Arch. S. is not an arch poet.

J. P. R.'s Verses are not so good as E. R. Y.'s in our last.

The hint of H. B., in No. 408, p. 158, we perceive, was adverted to by Judge Garrow, in a recent trial, in which the low character of the plaintiff occasioned the guilty defendant to escape unhindered.

SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY.

THE FOURTH ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the SOCIETY of BRITISH ARTISTS will take place on SATURDAY, the 31st Inst., previous to the OPENING of the Exhibition, on the 2nd of APRIL.—Tickets, One Guinea Each, to be had at the Rooms until the 30th Inst.

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